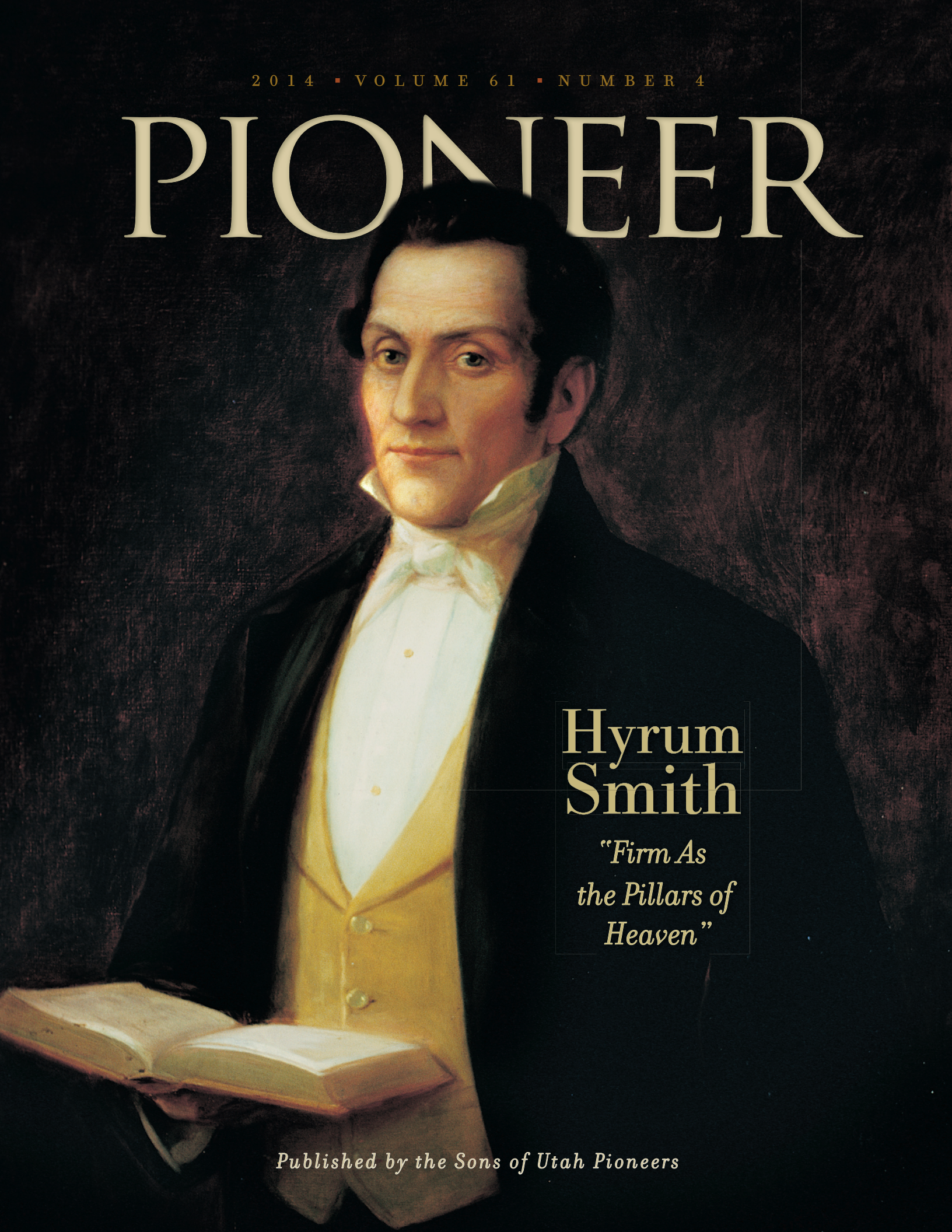


2014 ■ VOLUME 61 ■ NUMBER 4

PIONEER

A portrait of Hyrum Smith, a man with dark hair, wearing a dark coat over a yellow vest and a white shirt with a high collar. He is holding an open book in his hands. The background is dark and textured.

Hyrum
Smith

*"Firm As
the Pillars of
Heaven"*

Published by the Sons of Utah Pioneers

PIONEER

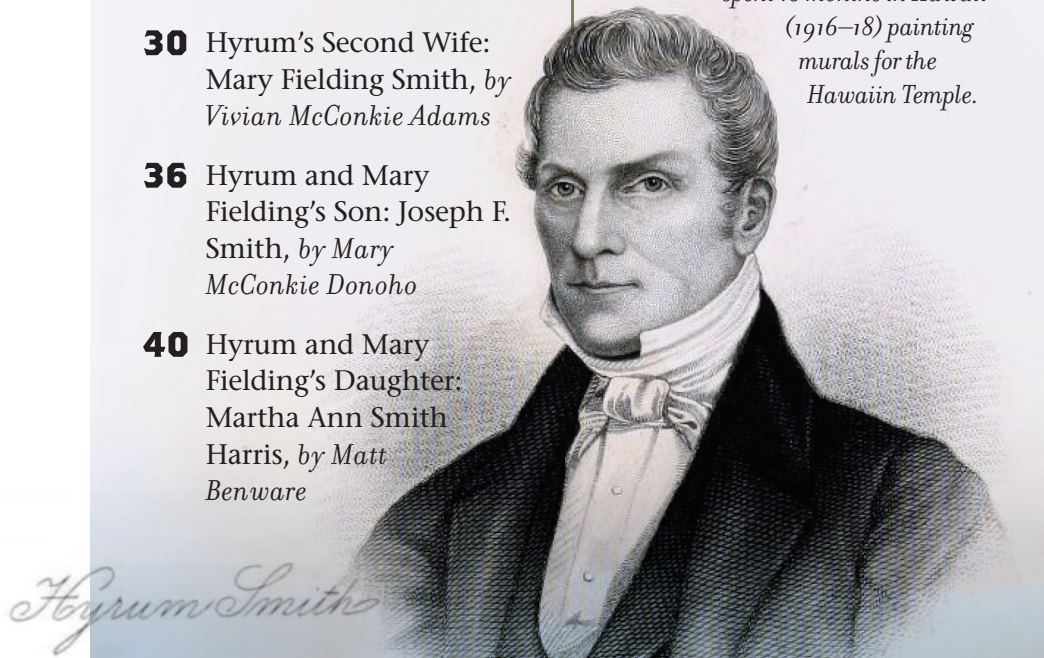
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COVER: Portrait of Hyrum Smith by Lewis A. Ramsey, courtesy Church History Museum. Lewis A. Ramsey (1875–1941), originally from Bridgeport, Illinois, came to Utah in 1887. A student of renowned LDS artist John Hafen, Ramsey eventually taught at LDS Church Commissions and spent 18 months in Hawaii (1916–18) painting murals for the Hawaii Temple.



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MISSION STATEMENT: The mission of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers is to preserve the memory and heritage of the early pioneers of the Utah Territory. We honor the pioneers for their faith in God, devotion to family, loyalty to church and country, hard work and service to others, courage in adversity, personal integrity, and unyielding determination. The society also honors present-day pioneers worldwide in many walks of life who exemplify these same qualities of character. It is further intended to teach these qualities to the youth, who will be tomorrow's pioneers.

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BY ROBERT C. FOLKMAN



The

Utah Pioneer experience has great meaning to those who are descendants of the

Mormon Pioneers and to many more who are beneficiaries of their accomplishments. Without their extraordinary treks across the frontier, without their commitment and sacrifice, you and I would probably not live where we do. We would likely follow a different religious tradition and have a much different cultural background. The courageous Utah Pioneers set out to change their own lives and the lives of their children and future generations, and they succeeded in many important ways.

Pioneer values are mostly seen as useful in primitive or austere circumstances. We visualize Pioneers as traveling in animal-drawn wagons across wilderness, living by subsistence in isolation from civilized society. How could those values apply to us today?

I believe that the example and values of the Pioneers are an enduring legacy that is important and necessary in any era, in any place, and especially critical for our young people and future generations to understand.

From the Mission Statement of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, we have this paragraph: *"We honor the pioneers for their faith in God; devotion to family; loyalty to church and country; hard work and*

service to others; courage in adversity; personal integrity; and unyielding determination."

Though not a complete list of Pioneer values, it is useful as a guide. In these unbelieving times, *faith in God* and even belief in His existence is dismissed as casually as a weather forecast. But for individuals and families who experience stress, more strength can be found in hope in a loving and comforting Father in heaven than in the man-made remedies that bundle temporary relief with lifelong bondage and dependence.

Devotion to family is as great a contributor to individual stability, morality and the health of a community as any other factor. Families with both parents present, where the parents are committed to the long-term life success of their children, are still the reliable foundation of society. Loyalty to church and country is the unifying force that motivates people to sacrifice for the greater good of the community and the nation.

Hard work is widely accepted as the most important contributor to individual and collective success, whether measured financially or by more enduring values. Of course, hard work alone is almost never enough: it must be focused on objectives that can be reached, and that will add value to life when accomplished.

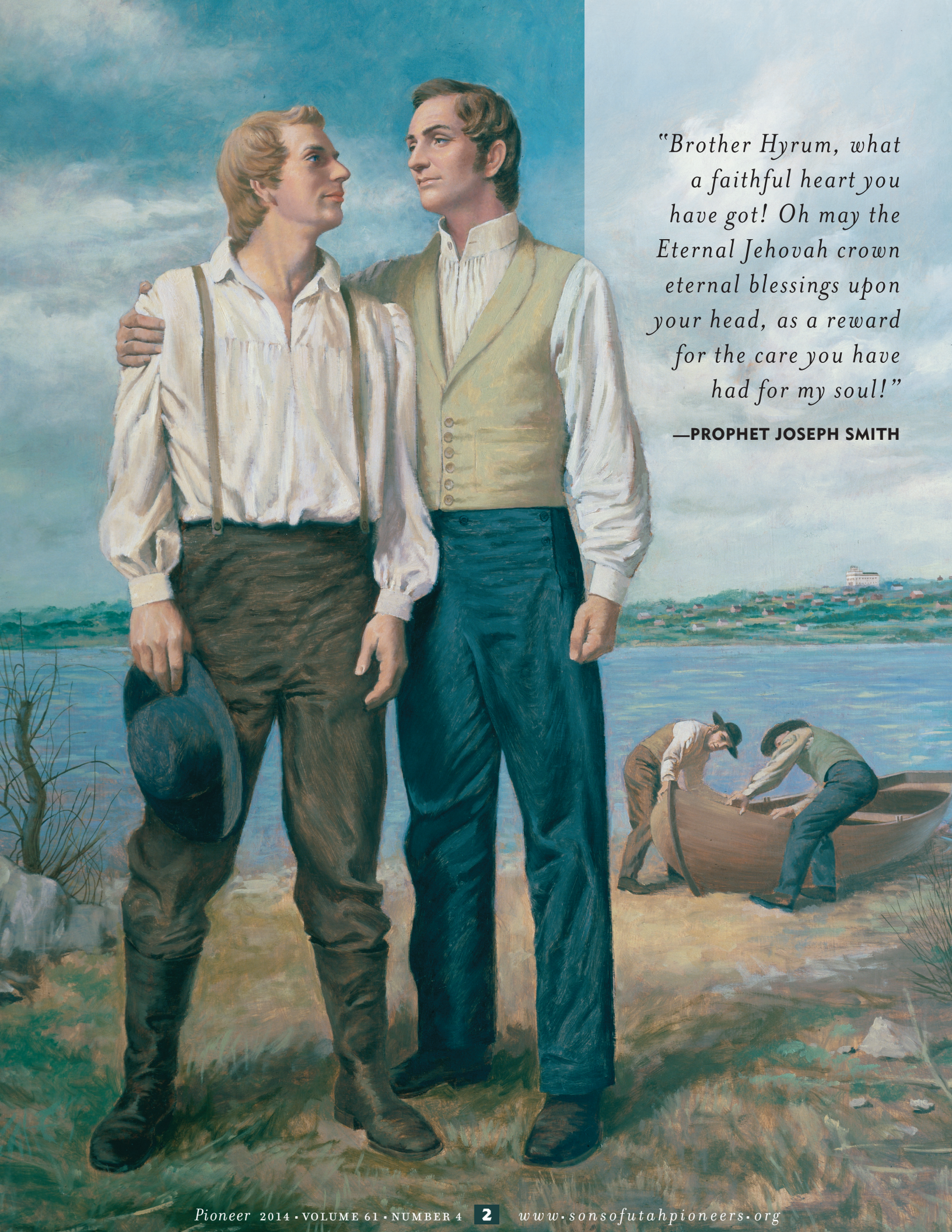
Service to others is a value often overlooked in the early going, much more easily given when we are settled and comfortable. But when service to our fellow travelers

is a value from the beginning of the trek, lessons are learned, the community is strengthened, and success is a collective victory, not an individual one.

Courage in adversity and its companion, *unyielding determination*, are like the keystone in the entrance way to the city. Without these, the hard-earned accomplishments built proudly by our hard work crumble to rubble and frustration.

And last, *personal integrity* is the glue that holds together all of the other values. This value must be held close to the heart, as it slips away so easily. It is often lost in an unexpected moment, when our grip on it is just slightly relaxed for a harmless adjustment to the truth, or set aside for a moment to reach for some perceived easy gain, ignoring the real compromises and costs.

Again, the S.U.P. Mission Statement is not a complete list of the Pioneer Values. More could be written on *frugality* and *sacrifice*, values my Pioneer ancestors knew well. And what of *innovation* and *reliance on inspiration*, useful tools often found in connection with the other values mentioned? I call these values the **Pioneer Imperative**. As inheritors of the Pioneer legacy, we must keep these values constantly in our hearts and instill them in the hearts of our children and their children, or our collective progress will be stalled and our direction will become confused. It is my hope that each of us will keep the **Pioneer Imperative** alive for generations to come. ▣



*"Brother Hyrum, what
a faithful heart you
have got! Oh may the
Eternal Jehovah crown
eternal blessings upon
your head, as a reward
for the care you have
had for my soul!"*

—PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Hyrum Smith

“FIRM AS THE PILLARS OF HEAVEN”

BY M. RUSSELL BALLARD

Of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles

The Spirit has confirmed to me the important responsibility we have to see that the legacy of faith of our Pioneer forefathers is never lost. We can derive great strength, particularly our youth, from understanding our Church history.

As a descendant of Hyrum Smith, I feel a solemn obligation to ensure that the Church never forgets the significant ministry of this great leader. Recognizing that no one save Jesus only excels the singular accomplishment of the Prophet Joseph, I am stirred within my soul to remember and respect the valiant life and remarkable contributions of his older brother, the patriarch Hyrum.

In September of 1840, Joseph Smith Sr. gathered his family around him. This venerable patriarch was dying and wanted to leave his blessing on his beloved wife and children. Hyrum, the eldest living son, asked his father to intercede with heaven when he arrived there so the enemies of the Church “may not have so much power” over the Latter-day Saints. Father Smith then laid his hands upon Hyrum’s head and blessed him to have “peace . . . sufficient . . . to accomplish the work which God has given you to do.” Knowing of Hyrum’s lifelong faithfulness, he concluded this



last blessing with the promise that Hyrum would “be as firm as the pillars of heaven unto the end of [his] days.”¹

This blessing identified Hyrum’s strongest characteristic. More than anything else, he was “firm as the pillars of heaven.” Throughout Hyrum’s life, the forces of evil combined against him in an attempt to defeat him or at least to prompt him to stray off course.

After the death of his older brother Alvin in 1823, Hyrum bore significant responsibility in the Smith family. At the same time, he assisted and served his brother Joseph the Prophet throughout the long and arduous process of the Restoration. Ultimately, he joined Joseph and other martyrs of past gospel dispensations. His blood was shed as his final testimony to the world.

Through it all, Hyrum stood firm. He knew the course his life would take, and he consciously chose to follow it. To Joseph, Hyrum became companion, protector, provider, confidant and eventually joined him as a martyr. Unjust persecution engulfed them

throughout their lives. Although he was older, Hyrum recognized his brother’s



Emeritus Patriarch to the Church Eldred G. Smith’s collection of Hyrum Smith artifacts included Lucy Mack Smith’s footstool. Photo

on occasion, Hyrum always deferred to his younger brother.

Speaking to his brother, Joseph once said, “Brother Hyrum, what a faithful heart you have got! Oh may the Eternal Jehovah crown eternal blessings upon your head, as a reward for the care you have had for my soul! O how many are the sorrows we have shared together.”²

On another occasion, Joseph referred to his brother with these profound and tender words: “I love him with that love that is stronger than death.”³

Hyrum gave unfailing service to the Church. In 1829, he was among a handful of individuals who were allowed to view the gold plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated, and for the rest of his life he testified to the divine nature of the Book of Mormon as one of the Eight Witnesses who “had seen the plates with his eyes and handled them with his hands.”⁴ He was among the first to be baptized in this gospel dispensation. At age 30, he was the oldest of the six men chosen in 1830 to formally organize The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In 1831, he stood before the Ohio conference and pledged “that all he had was the Lord’s and he was ready to do his will continually.”⁵ In 1833, when the Lord chastised the Church for delaying the start of the Kirtland Temple, Hyrum was the first to start digging its foundation. As chairman of the temple committee, Hyrum rallied

task of building the Kirtland Temple when most Church members literally had nothing to give to the cause. A few years later he repeated this service with the building of the Nauvoo Temple.

Hyrum served in the Ohio bishopric, on the first high council, as Patriarch, counselor in the First Presidency, and finally as one of only two men ever to hold the office of Assistant President of the Church.

Hyrum served many missions for the Church. During one mission, traveling from Kirtland to Indiana, he endured one of his greatest trials when his first wife, Jerusha, died soon after giving birth to his sixth child. Hyrum’s mother, Lucy Mack Smith, wrote that Jerusha’s death “wrung our hearts with more than common grief. . . . She was a woman whom everybody loved.”⁶

Although Hyrum was grieved, his faith was unshaken; his determination to serve Heavenly Father and his church never faltered. I believe God rewarded his faithfulness by bringing into his life one of the great women of Church history, Mary Fielding, whom he subsequently married. Together they built an extraordinary legacy of love and discipleship.

Clearly, Hyrum Smith was one of the firm pillars of the Restoration. But sadly, many Church members know little about him except that he was martyred with his brother in Carthage Jail. That is significant, but he did far more. Indeed, Joseph



Hyrum Smith was born in Tunbridge, Orange Co., Vermont. Photo by George Anderson, 1912.

would do well to pattern their lives after Hyrum's. May I suggest a few examples from Hyrum's life that we may wish to follow.

In 1829, when Joseph was finishing the translation of the Book of Mormon, Hyrum was anxious to begin spreading the gospel and building the Church. He asked Joseph to inquire of the Lord what he should do. In section 11 of the Doctrine and Covenants we read the Lord's response: "Seek not to declare my word, but first seek to obtain my word. . . . Study my word which hath gone forth . . . , and also study my word . . . which is now translating."⁸

Hyrum's life is a witness to his obedience to this instruction. To the very last day of his life, he devoted himself to obtaining the word through study of the scriptures. In Carthage Jail, he read and commented on extracts from the Book of Mormon. The scriptures were obviously part of Hyrum's being, and he turned to them during times when he needed comfort and strength the most.

Just think of the spiritual strength we could gain in our lives and how much more effective we would be as teachers, missionaries, and friends if we studied the scriptures regularly. I am sure we, like Hyrum, will be able to endure our greatest trials if we search the word of God as he did.

The second great example from Hyrum's life that we may wish to follow occurred very early in the Restoration. According to Lucy Mack Smith, when young Joseph first told the rest of the family about his experience in the Sacred Grove, Hyrum and all the others received the message "joyfully." The family sat "in a circle, . . . giving the most profound attention to a boy . . . who had never read the Bible through in his life."⁹ In contrast to the reaction of Laman and Lemuel to their younger brother Nephi's divine calling and to the jealousy of the older brothers of Joseph who was sold into Egypt, there was no jealousy or animosity in Hyrum Smith. Instead, real faith was born in him of the simple and joyful response he felt to the spiritual truth of his brother's message. The Lord let him know in his heart what was right, and he followed Joseph—faithfully—for the rest of his life.

"I, the Lord, love [Hyrum]," the Savior revealed in section 124 of the Doctrine and Covenants,

he loveth that which is right before me."¹⁰

Faithful Hyrum had a believing heart; he did not have to see everything Joseph saw. For him, hearing the truth from Joseph's lips and feeling the spiritual promptings whispering that it was true were enough. Faith to believe was the source of Hyrum's spiritual strength and is the source of the spiritual strength of faithful members of the Church then and today. We do not need more members who question every detail; we need members who have felt with their hearts, who live close to the Spirit, and who follow its promptings joyfully. We need seeking hearts and minds that welcome gospel truths without argument or complaint and without requiring miraculous manifestation. Oh, how we are blessed when members respond joyfully to counsel from their bishops, stake presidents, quorum or auxiliary leaders, some of whom might be younger than they and less experienced. What great blessings we receive when we follow "that which is right" joyfully and not grudgingly.

The third example from the life of Hyrum was his selfless service to others. His mother commented on this quality, saying that he was "rather remarkable for his tenderness and sympathy."¹¹ When Joseph was afflicted with severe pain in his leg, Hyrum relieved his mother and sat beside Joseph almost 24 hours a day for more than a week.

Hyrum was the first to extend a hand of friendship to a visitor, the first to attempt to moderate a dispute, the first to forgive an enemy. The Prophet Joseph was known to say that "if Hyrum could not make peace between two who had fallen out, the angels themselves might not hope to accomplish the task."¹²

Another great example comes to us from the dark dungeon of Liberty Jail. Here Hyrum, Joseph, and a few others suffered exposure to cold, hunger, inhumane treatment, and the loneliness of isolation from friends. In this schoolhouse jail, Hyrum learned the lesson of patience in adversity and affliction. In the midst of this most severe trial, his primary concern was not for himself and his companions but for his family. In a letter to his wife, Hyrum wrote that the "greatest part of my trouble" was wondering how she and the family were doing.

“When I think of your trouble my heart is weighed down with sorrow. . . . But what can I do. . . thy will be done O Lord.”¹³

Surely Joseph was inspired when he wrote of his brother Hyrum, “Thy name shall be written . . . for those who come after thee to look upon, that they may pattern after thy works.”¹⁴ May we help keep the promise made to Hyrum in section 124 of the Doctrine and Covenants that his “name [shall] be had in honorable remembrance from generation to generation, forever and ever.”¹⁵ His name most certainly will be honorably revered as we follow his example and “pattern after [his] works.” May

the memory of Hyrum Smith and all of our faithful forefathers never fade from our minds, I pray humbly in the name of Jesus Christ, amen. ▣

Hyrum Smith: “Firm As the Pillars of Heaven,” October 1995 General Conference by Elder M. Russell Ballard. © 1995 by Intellectual Reserve, Inc. All rights reserved. Used by Permission.

- 1 Lucy Mack Smith, *History of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1979), 309.
- 2 Joseph Smith Jr., et al., *History of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, Period 1, 6 vols., 2nd ed. revised (Salt Lake City, Deseret Book Co., 1969): 5: 107–8.
- 3 *History of the Church*, 2:338.
- 4 Quoted in Richard Lloyd Anderson, *Investigating the Book of Mormon Witnesses* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1981), 158–159.
- 5 Quoted in Donald Q. Cannon and Lyndon W. Cook, eds., *Far West Record* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1983), 21.
- 6 *History of Joseph Smith*, 246.
- 7 See *History of the Church*, 5:108.
- 8 D&C 11:21–22.
- 9 *History of Joseph Smith*, 82.
- 10 D&C 124:15.
- 11 *History of Joseph Smith*, 55.
- 12 J. P. Widtsoe Osborne, “Hyrum Smith, Patriarch,” *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine* (Apr. 1911): 56.
- 13 Hyrum Smith letter to Mary Fielding Smith, March 16, 1839.
- 14 *History of the Church*, 5:108.
- 15 D&C 124:96.

Below: photo by Welden C. Andersen



ELDRED G. SMITH was a great-great-grandson of the martyred Hyrum Smith and his first wife, Jerusha Barden Smith.

The longest-living LDS general authority, Eldred Smith died at 106 on April 4, 2013. Serving as Patriarch to the Church from 1947 to 1979, Elder Smith received emeritus status on Oct. 6, 1979. No Patriarch to the Church has been sustained since that time. Prior to his passing, Eldred Smith and his second wife presented many firesides that focused on artifacts from the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum. Eldred’s son E. Gary Smith plans to continue giving the firesides.

“Possibly the most-recognized heirloom of the Hyrum Smith family is the lap desk (seen right) that the Prophet Joseph borrowed from Hyrum in which he stored the golden plates, the Urim and Thummim, and the breastplate. Originally the chest belonged to Alvin, Joseph and Hyrum’s older brother. . . . After [Alvin] died, Hyrum inherited the piece. President Spencer W. Kimball used it as a podium when he conducted the semiannual general conference from Fayette, New York, in celebration of the 150th anniversary of the organization of the Church” (see Don Miles, “Pioneer Treasures of the Hyrum Smith Family,” *Pioneer* magazine, Spring 2000, 16–21).



HYRUM'S FIRST WIFE *Jerusha Barden*

BY DON LEE



Jerusha Barden was born in Norfolk, Connecticut, on February 15, 1805. With her brother Seth and his wife, Rachel, she moved from Connecticut to New York in 1820 and settled on a farm in Manchester. In the spring of 1821 the Bardens needed help in clearing the land, and neighbors had recommended the Smiths as hard workers for such jobs.

Local rumors painted young Joseph as a strange man who heard visions and saw angels. When Jerusha met and talked with the family, they seemed normal enough, and she was attracted to Hyrum, Joseph's older brother.

Over the succeeding years, Jerusha met the Smith family in many local activities. She saw them at work, in barn raisings, corn huskings, apple parings, and other social activities. They seemed like good people to her, but she continued to wonder about the rumors.

She came from a deeply religious Congregationalist family. Her pastor taught that the heavens had closed—God gave mankind no new revelations. As she began to fall in love with Hyrum, the conflict between these teachings and his belief in new revelations bothered her.

As she thought and prayed on such matters during the early fall of 1826, she gained a testimony that the Lord had called Joseph as a prophet. She carried this witness throughout her life. With this new-found knowledge, she accepted Hyrum's proposal, and they married on November 2, 1826.¹

When the Smith family first moved to Manchester they built a log cabin. They later replaced the cabin with a lovely frame home. When Jerusha married Hyrum, the Smith family was living in the frame home, so the empty log cabin became Jerusha and Hyrum's home for the first years of their life together.

Hyrum's brother Joseph had met Emma Hale at her home in Harmony, Pennsylvania, in 1826. Love between the two grew, and in January 1827, he traveled to Harmony, married Emma, and brought her to Manchester to live with the Smiths. Similar in age, Emma and Jerusha soon became fast friends, and their friendship lasted throughout their lifetimes.

In September 1827 two important events shaped the future lives of the Smith family. Joseph received the Book of Mormon plates from Moroni, and Jerusha bore her first child, a daughter they named Lovina. Hyrum's parents, Joseph Smith Sr. and Lucy Mack, welcomed their first grandchild.

On June 27, 1829, two years after Lovina's birth, Hyrum and Jerusha welcomed a second girl into their family. They named her Mary.

By the time of Mary's birth, Joseph had finished translating the Book of Mormon. The Prophet assigned Oliver Cowdery and Hyrum Smith to oversee the printing. As Oliver wrote out the printer's copy, Jerusha spent whatever time she could watching the words appear under his pen. Then she stole enough time from her household duties to read portions of the manuscript.

During the winter of 1829–30, the Smith families experienced the printing process. After the Grandin Press began to bind the book, Joseph asked the family members to bring all available copies of the book to Fayette, New York. He wanted them there for the organization of the Church on April 6.²

As the Church grew, missionaries organized branches in towns and cities. In September 1830, Joseph called Hyrum as president of the Colesville Branch. Hyrum and Jerusha loaded their wagon and moved to Colesville, but shortly thereafter, Joseph called Hyrum to move as expeditiously as possible to Kirtland, Ohio. The Lord had designated the northern Ohio city as the Church's



gathering place. Jerusha and the girls stayed in Colesville with the promise that they would move west later in the spring.

Members of the new Church had gathered to Kirtland so fast that many could not find housing. The Smith family finally located a piece of land, and Jerusha and Lucy made plans for a log cabin to meet their need for a home. Mother Smith put her sons to work building the cabin that would house herself, Father Smith, and their family, and Hyrum and his family.³

By late fall 1831, immigration had slowed, the housing market eased, and Hyrum's family found a house of their own. Since the home had more rooms than they needed for their family, Jerusha suggested that they rent rooms to others who needed housing.⁴ Throughout Jerusha's stay in Kirtland, many people boarded in the home, including Diane Blanchard, who moved in two times, Lydia Bailey, and Newell Knight. Romance blossomed between Lydia and Newell, and they married. After their wedding, the couple continued to live with Hyrum and Jerusha.

Tragedy and joy followed Jerusha and her family. In May 1832 fate struck as their little daughter Mary died in her father's arms (see the accompanying article on Mary Smith for details). Jerusha worried as the time for delivery of her third child drew near, but she was fortunate to bear a strong son that they named John.

On February 28, 1833, Hyrum returned from a meeting of the School of the Prophets with the astounding news that the Prophet had received the revelation we call the Word of Wisdom. Jerusha agreed completely with getting rid of tobacco. Coffee, however, was something else, and she gave her coffee pot a loving pat before being rid of it.

Other changes took place in her life before construction on the temple started. She understood that the Lord works in various ways to achieve His ends. On April 11, 1833, she learned

that her family was to move into the home Frederick G. Williams also occupied. Joseph had called Hyrum to take charge of the temple's construction, and the house stood next door to the temple lot.⁵

On June 5 Jerusha looked out the door to see Hyrum cutting the still unripe grain in the field next door. Hyrum explained that as soon as the grain was cut, the trenches for footings for the temple could begin, and he wished to be the first to begin work on the holy building.⁶

Although the construction of the Kirtland Temple began, not everything moved smoothly. As work progressed, Parley P. Pratt and Lyman Wight arrived in Kirtland on February 22, 1834, with the news that Missouri mobs had driven the Saints from Jackson County.

Jerusha feared that the temple work would be interrupted and that her husband would be called away again. Hyrum confirmed that an expedition to Jackson County was being planned to assist the Saints there. Jerusha reminded Hyrum of the imminent birth of another child, expected in April.

The Saints called the rescue expedition Zion's Camp, and plans moved forward to recruit volunteers. Joseph asked Hyrum to leave in early April with a few men and travel a northerly route. The Prophet asked him to pick up more recruits on the way. Hyrum did not know whether the baby or Zion's Camp would come first. He was surely overjoyed when their baby son, to be named Hyrum, first saw the light of day on April 27. Hyrum left the next day on the march to Missouri.⁷

In the fall, many members of Zion's Camp returned to Kirtland and to a hostile reception. Enemies of the Church had been harassing the temple workers. There were reasons that people had begun to resent the Mormons in eastern Ohio. Many found the new church with its unorthodox teachings distasteful. Others dreaded the temple construction because it seemed to indicate that the Saints intended to remain and increase in number. Because these opponents tried to destroy the building, the Saints found it necessary to assign brethren to stand watch each night to protect what they had built during the day.

Artwork by Joseph F. Brickey

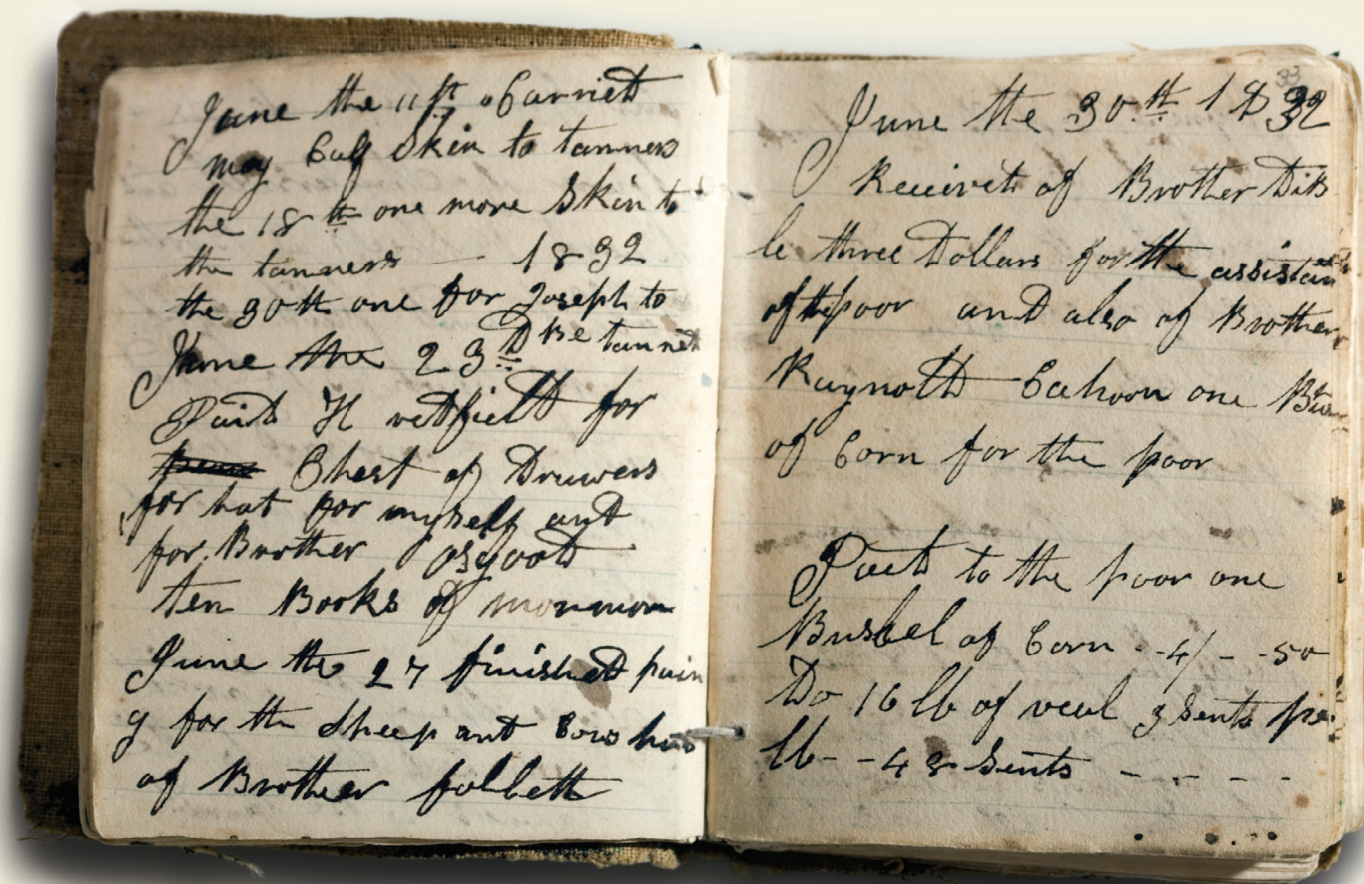


In the midst of these challenges, Jerusha found December 10, 1834, a special day. Hyrum and his father arrived home from Missouri. As Hyrum greeted his family, he informed Jerusha that he had a special gift for her. In his capacity as Patriarch of the Church, the elder Joseph Smith had given Hyrum a blessing, and now Jerusha would receive a blessing as well from her father-in-law. Jerusha was very pleased and received this blessing: "Jerusha, my daughter-in-law, the Lord will reward thee for all thy labors and toils. Thou hast had many sorrows in consequence of the hardness of the hearts of thy father's family; and thou hast sought, by prayer, before the Lord, mercy for them; notwithstanding they have openly rebelled against the truth, and knowingly turned from the light of heaven, yet some of them will be saved; but it will be through great tribulation. Thou shalt be blessed with thy husband, and his joy shall be thy joy. Thy heart shall be lifted up for him while he is

far off, and thou shall be comforted. The Lord will watch over thee and thy children, and in the times of thy sorrow the angels shall minister unto thee. Thy children shall be blessed, and thy children's children to the latest generation. Thy name is recorded on high and thou shalt rise with the just to meet the Lord in the air, even so, Amen."⁸

As the work on the temple's interior progressed, the Saints knew that they must supply curtains, drapes, and rugs. Unfortunately they had no money to purchase them. Since the men had volunteered for the heavy work on construction, the women offered to do their part. Joseph asked his wife Emma and Hyrum's wife Jerusha to lead the effort. Together they organized the Kirtland women to card wool, spin thread, weave the cloth, and sew the curtains and drapes. For the rugs they collected rags, braided them into long strands, and sewed the strands together in the sizes and shapes needed.

Hyrum and Jerusha welcomed a fifth child into the family. They named her Jerusha after her mother.



Pictured above is the missionary journal of Hyrum Smith dating from 1832. The L. Tom Perry Special Collections of BYU's Harold B. Lee Library has hundreds of diaries written by early missionaries of the Church now available for patrons around the world to access online at LIB.BYU.EDU/DLIB/MMD.

They enjoyed a happy family life for more than a year, but on February 10, 1836, a near-tragedy struck. Jerusha worked in the house, listening to the rhythm of Hyrum's axe biting into logs. Suddenly the sound stopped—she could hear nothing. She went to the door, took a step out and was terrified by what she saw.

A bloody double-bitted axe was stuck in a log. Then she saw Hyrum lying on the ground, struggling to get up, blood gushing from a wound on his arm. Lydia Knight ran for help as Jerusha supported her injured husband into the house. She had just managed to remove his coat when Joseph appeared at the door with Dr. Frederick G. Williams, his first counselor. The two men took charge. They assisted a much shaken Jerusha to a chair; then they examined Hyrum's wound. Dr. Williams found a clean cut where the sharp axe had sliced a deep gash in Hyrum's left forearm. Williams took a needle and a strand of horse-tail and sewed up the wound. After dressing the wound, Joseph and Frederick gave Hyrum a priesthood blessing and put him to bed. The wound remained uninfected, and Hyrum healed well under Jerusha's loving care.⁹

By March 27, 1836, Hyrum had healed well enough that he could take his place of honor above the congregation in the new temple at the long-awaited dedication. With Lovina at her side, Jerusha cuddled baby Jerusha as she sat next to Emma and Lucy Smith. Each of the women gazed with pride at their husbands as the dedication proceeded. In an inspiring experience, many in the congregation heard and felt angels in their midst.

On September 3, 1837, Hyrum was called as an assistant counselor in the Presidency of the High Priesthood and sustained in a quarterly conference. Following the conference the presiding officers of the Church, led by Joseph Smith, prepared to travel to Missouri to show the Saints there that the Church was in the hands of sound leadership and to be sustained in a conference there.

Jerusha was expecting her sixth child at the time, and she felt some misgivings over her husband's absence. She believed that with the support of her family all would be well. On October 2 she delivered a beautiful baby girl they called Sarah. At

first, all seemed well, but then a fever and infection set in. Childbed fever¹⁰ attacked many young mothers during the 19th century, and Jerusha was no exception. The family called in Hannah Woodstock Grinnell, whom the children called Auntie Hannah, to help as Jerusha's health deteriorated.

By October 13, 1837, it had become apparent that Jerusha was failing fast and she called the children for a last farewell. She roused herself in a valiant effort to express her love to each of her children. To Lovina, the oldest, she gave special instructions. "Lovina, I want you to know that I love you and that the Lord loves you. Tell your father when he comes that the Lord has taken your mother and left them for you to take care of." She closed her eyes and soon passed away. ❏

Don H. Lee is descendant of Lovina Smith Walker. He is a retired rocket scientist/mathematician who has turned to writing family biographies. Over the past 10 years he has researched and written 10 volumes of stories, most of which are about his ancestors. He has been involved with the Sons of Utah Pioneers for 13 years and is currently one of the editors for the Trail Marker newsletter.

1 LDS FamilySearch.

2 Joseph Smith, et. al., *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Period 1*, 6 vols; (2nd ed. revised.; Salt Lake City, Deseret Book, 1969): 1: 75–78.

3 Don C. Corbett, *Mary Fielding Smith, Daughter of Britain*, 113. Joseph and probably the other brothers helped build the house, see Corbett, 140. George A. Smith tells us it was a large log house.

4 Jeffrey S. O'Driscoll, *Hyrum Smith, A Life of Integrity*, 66. We know they did take in some boarders, but there are no details as to how many or when.

5 O'Driscoll, 82–84. History is silent as to the reasons for this move. Hyrum recorded that they did make the move but gave no details.

6 Scott Facer Proctor and Maurine Jensen, *The Revised and Enhanced History of Joseph Smith by His Mother*, 322.

7 LDS Family Tree and Jerry C. Roundy, Jerusha Barden Smith, Mother of the Patriarchs, an unpublished manuscript, 16.

8 Joseph Smith, Sr., blessing, "Patriarchal Blessing Book," 2:2–3, as quoted by O'Driscoll, 109.

9 Corbett, 154. It was February 10, 1836, when the accident happened.

10 Childbed fever, now known clinically as puerperal fever, was a too-common condition that followed childbirth by a few days. Medical sterilization and even hand washing were rare among both doctors and midwives.

A Tale of Two Bibles

by Lois Decker Brown

Two unique Bibles, both originally belonging to Hyrum Smith, are in the Special Collections section of the BYU Harold B. Lee Library. They are similar in many ways. Both were published in the 1830s; both contain handwritten inscriptions. Despite the Bibles' kinship, the books have lived very different lives. Here are their stories.

While living in Kirtland, Ohio, Hyrum Smith and his wife acquired two Bibles. A Bible during this era was a significant purchase for working families like the Smiths. As was the custom of the time, Hyrum wrote his name in both of the Bibles, along with his marriage to his first wife, Jerusha, and the births of their six children.

These are the only inscriptions in the first Bible—referred to hereafter as the Philadelphia Bible, according to where it was published. In the second Bible—referred to as the Boston Bible—additional birth, death and marriage dates of many of Hyrum's descendants are recorded.

Philadelphia Bible



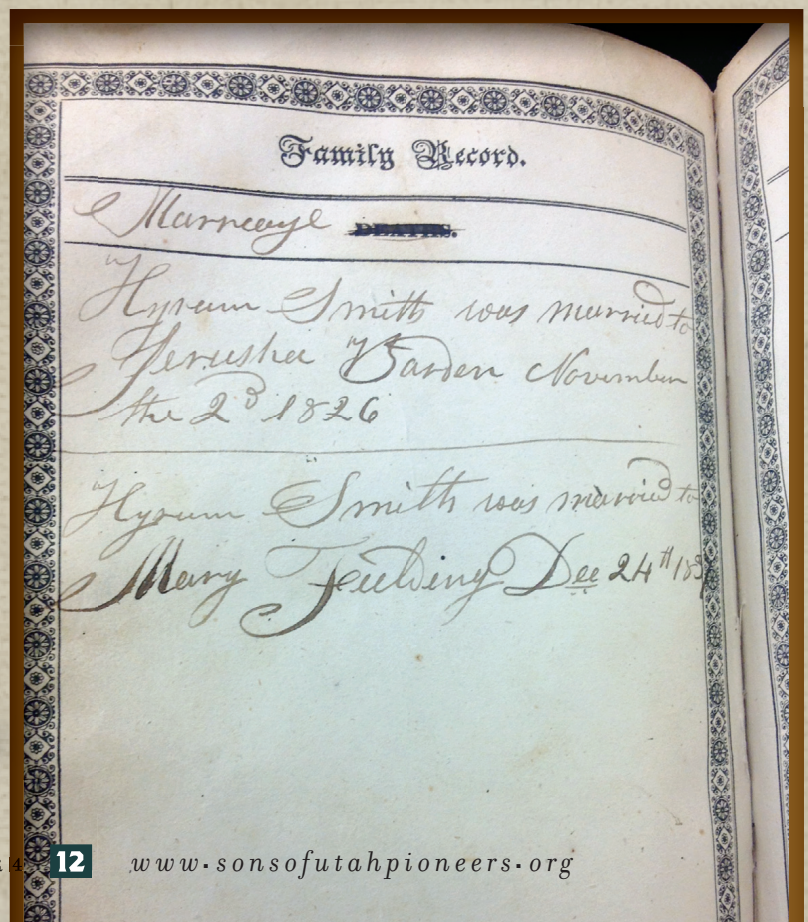
Of the two Bibles owned by Hyrum, it was the Boston-printed scripture that Mary Fielding Smith, his second wife, made into the "family Bible." She kept it with her during all of the six plus years she was married to Hyrum. Mary brought it west with her along with other family treasures.

The first Bible, the Philadelphia Bible, ended up in the hands of Seth Barden, the brother of Hyrum's first wife, Jerusha. Even though Seth was not Mormon, he had lived in New York during the time of Hyrum and Jerusha's marriage and he had followed them to Ohio, where he lived near Kirtland—the place of his sister's death. After Jerusha's death in 1837, Seth ended up with the

book in his possession. Perhaps he was asked to sort through Jerusha's belongings in the confusing months when Hyrum was absent, or perhaps Hyrum gave it to him in memory of a sister Seth obviously loved and cherished.

In the 1840s Seth Barden gathered his family of 12 children and moved to Wisconsin. Seth lived in Wisconsin from the mid-1840s until his death in 1898. At least 9 of Seth's 12 children stayed in or near their father's home in Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Those 9 children multiplied into many grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

On September 16, 1936, Margaret Fox from Springville, Utah, was called as a missionary



to proselytize in the North Central States Mission, which at the time was headquartered in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but covered other states and parts of Canada as well.

One day while contacting people door-to-door in Steven's Point, Wisconsin, Margaret encountered two women who lived together and appeared to be destitute. The women introduced themselves as "Bardens." They told Margaret that since she was a Mormon she may be interested in a Bible they owned that once belonged to Hyrum Smith.

They told her the Bible had been used on the pulpit of the Kirtland Temple, and they showed her the handwritten names of Hyrum, Jerusha, and their six children. The desperate women offered to sell the Bible to Margaret for \$50. She accepted the offer and made the purchase.

After her mission, Margaret

later married Wayne P. Smith, owner of a sporting goods and soda fountain store known as "Smitty's." One day in the early 1950s, Naomi S. Beardall was shopping at Smitty's. When she wrote a check to pay for her purchase, Margaret's husband, Wayne, noticed Naomi's signature and asked what the initial "S" represented. Naomi answered that it stood for her maiden name "Smith," and she added that she was the great-great granddaughter of Hyrum Smith.

Wayne told Naomi that his wife, Margaret, had something Naomi may find interesting. They showed Naomi the Bible and offered to sell it to her since she was a direct descendant of Hyrum. They asked the very same price for which Margaret had purchased it—\$50.

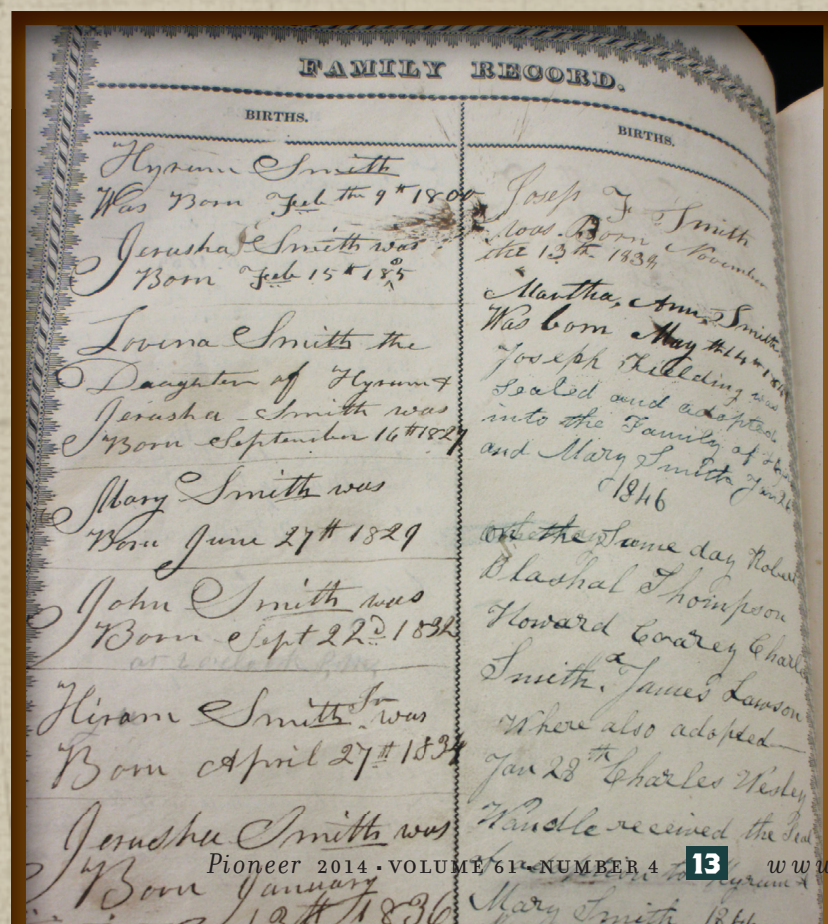
This Philadelphia Bible was later authenticated by Sam Weller, a dealer in used and rare books.

Joseph Fielding Smith, a grandson of Hyrum's was shown the book and recognized the handwriting in the book as that of his grandfather.

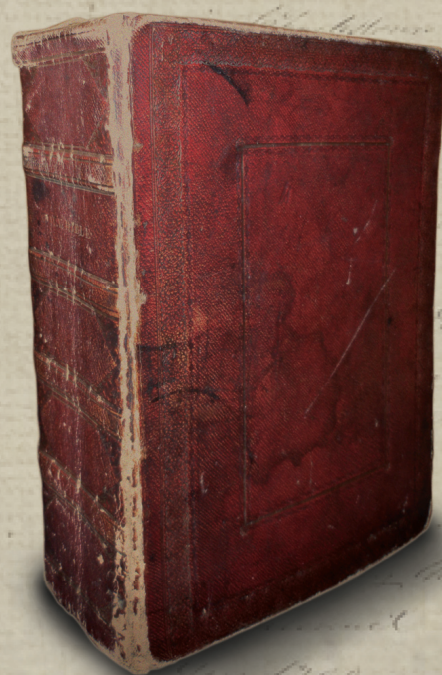
The Philadelphia Bible was given by Naomi Smith Beardall to her son, John S. Beardall, who officially donated it to BYU in 1983. Its survival and eventual homecoming to the Smith family is a miracle to those family members who know the story.

The Boston Bible that Mary Fielding Smith carried with her across the plains was passed from Smith descendant to Smith descendant. Hyrum's great-grandson, Eldred G. Smith, emeritus Patriarch to the Church, donated it to BYU in 1992. ▣

Lois Decker Brown received her bachelor's degree from BYU in journalism and worked as a news correspondent in Washington, D.C. She later completed a Master's degree in communications and started her own freelance literary business.



Boston Bible



HYRUM AND JERUSHA'S FIRST DAUGHTER *Lovina Smith*

BY DON LEE

Lovina stood by the bed upon which lay the mortal remains of her mother, Jerusha. She was just 10 years old (born September 17, 1827), in Manchester, New York. While she felt abandoned, she was not really alone; Grandmother Smith and Aunt Emma were there as was Aunt Hannah. Aunt Hannah was not really her aunt, but a wonderfully kind, loving lady who had come into the home to help at the birth of her sister Sarah just two weeks before. Her Father arrived home in early December to find Aunt Hannah and the children waiting for him.

At the suggestion of his brother, the Prophet Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith briefly courted Mary Fielding and the couple married on December 24, 1837.

In January 1838 her Uncle Joseph and his family had to flee Kirtland and her father with his family left in late March, arriving in Far West, Missouri, after a horrible journey of a thousand miles through mud and rain.

Life had just begun to settle down for Lovina when her Father and Uncle Joseph were arrested by the Missouri militia and hauled off to jail. Hyrum's family finally left the state in February 1839 and crossed the frozen Mississippi to the comparative safety of Quincy, Illinois. Hyrum and Joseph were able to escape to Illinois in April, and Hyrum found his family in Quincy and soon they moved up the river to a new place to be called Nauvoo.

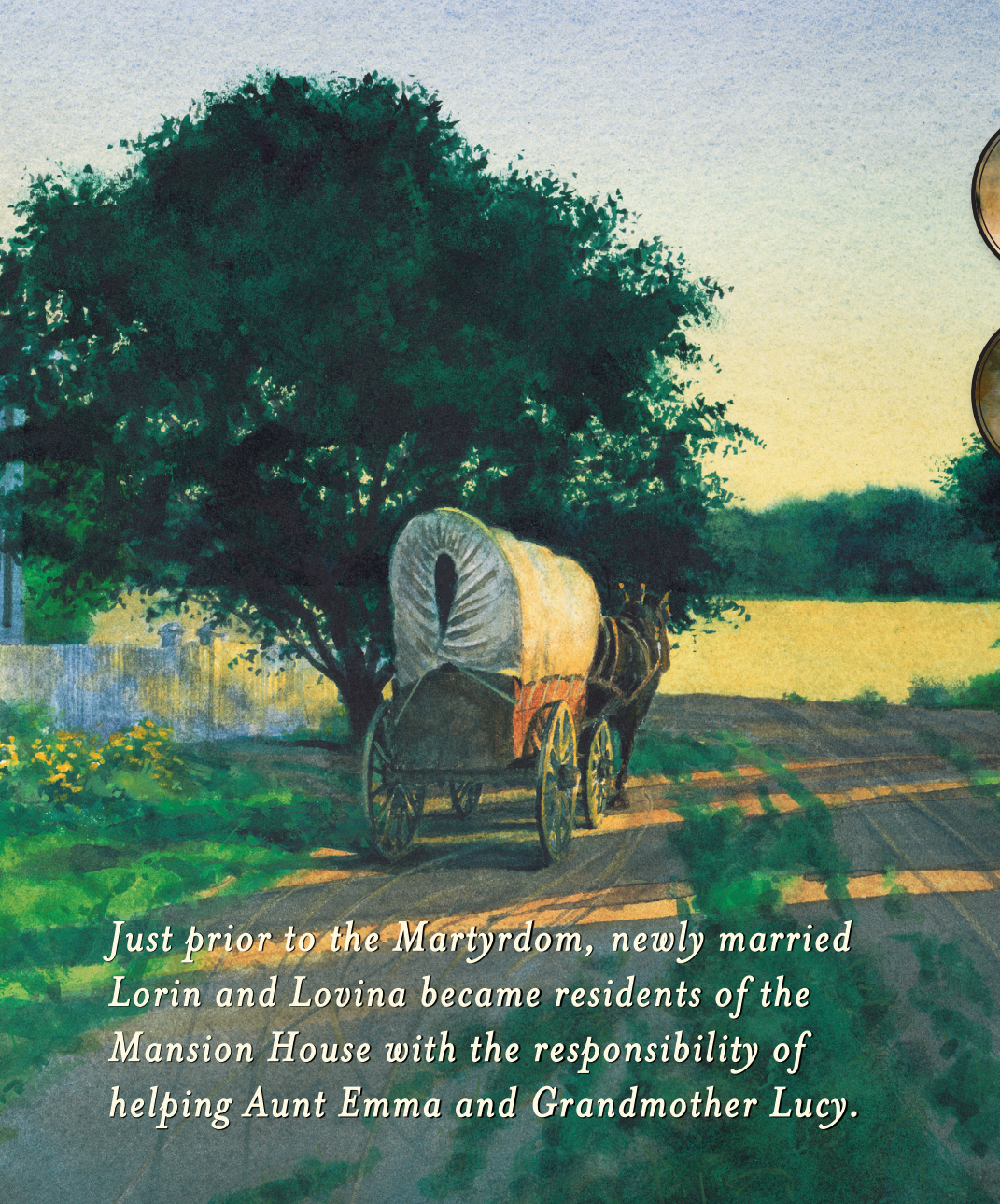
Life in Nauvoo was wonderful for Lovina, who turned 12 in the fall of 1839. She had many friends and among those friends were several young men, but primarily Lorin Walker. Lorin's



mother had died and his father went on a mission so Lorin was living with her Uncle Joseph and Aunt Emma, where he served as an aid to Joseph, caring for the horses and doing other odd jobs. Lorin had a special relationship with Joseph, who called him "my Edwin."

In December 1843 her Uncle Joseph and Aunt Emma held a grand ball for the youth of Nauvoo. She had a wonderful time and got to dance many dances with her favorite beau, Lorin Walker. Yet there was another who demanded much of her attention that day, a young man who had just recently come to Nauvoo and was not a member of the Church, Joseph Jackson.

Not long after the grand ball, Joseph Jackson went to Hyrum and asked for Lovina's hand in marriage, which Hyrum refused. Not content with



Just prior to the Martyrdom, newly married Lorin and Lovina became residents of the Mansion House with the responsibility of helping Aunt Emma and Grandmother Lucy.



Hyrum Smith

1800–1844



FIRST WIFE:
Jerusha Barden

1805–1837

CHILDREN:
Lovina Smith

1827–1876

Mary Smith

1829–1832

John Smith

1832–1911

Hyrum Smith

1834–1841

Jerusha Smith

1836–1912

Sarah Smith

1837–1876

that answer Jackson went to the Prophet Joseph and asked him to intercede and was again refused. Jackson then went to Carthage, where he and others conspired to kidnap Lovina, a plan that did not come to fruition. But Jackson remained in Carthage, stirring up hatred for the Saints and was a contributor to Joseph's and Hyrum's death.¹

Lorin proposed marriage to Lovina, which she accepted, and they made plans for a fall wedding.

In June came the episode of the Expositor press. On Saturday, June 22, 1844, Joseph and Hyrum left Nauvoo hoping to defuse the situation and returned home on Sunday, June 23. During their absence, Lovina and Mary came to the conclusion that if Lovina wanted to be sure her father would be there for the wedding, they should proceed quickly. As Hyrum and Joseph were returning

home, Lovina went out to greet them. Joseph, who loved to tease his niece, asked her, "Lovina, when are you going to get married?"

"We're just waiting for you, Uncle Joseph."

"Go get your beau."

So she did and they were married the evening of Sunday, June 23, with the family gathered around and Aaron Johnson, a neighbor and friend, officiating.² The next day Joseph and Hyrum left for Carthage.

Earlier Joseph had charged Lorin with the responsibility to take care of Emma if anything should happen to him, so now Lorin and Lovina became residents of the Mansion House with the responsibility of helping Aunt Emma and Grandmother Lucy. During the days that followed, Lovina was there by the side of her Aunt Emma. When



Lorin Walker

the news of the Martyrdom came, Lorin and Lovina were in the midst of the preparations for the funeral and participated in both funerals, the official one and the private one later in the night.

As the Saints prepared to go west, Lorin and Lovina remained as they had promised to help Emma. Lovina had to watch Mary, her brother and sisters, Aunt Hannah and others leave without her.

In December 1848 Emma married Major Lewis Bidamon. Lorin and Lovina stayed on for a while, but in 1850 they moved to Macedonia (currently Webster), where Catherine, Sophronia and Lucy, Lovina's aunts were living.

In the spring of 1856, Lorin's brother, William found Lorin and Lovina in Macedonia as he was returning home from a mission in South Africa.³ William had a commitment to go to Iowa City to help in outfitting the pioneers for the westward trek, and Lorin and Lovina, with their family of four children, accompanied him. By the first of June they were preparing to shut down the camp and proceed west themselves when they received a surprise—James Willie arrived with 300 immigrants and reported that Edward Martin was coming with about 400 more, all intent on reaching the Valley that year. In mid-June they watched the Willie Company parade out of camp with high hopes. They were followed in a couple of weeks by the Martin Company and finally the Hodgetts and Hunt wagon trains. By this time it was too late in the year for the Walkers to try to make it to the Valley, so they proceeded to Florence to spend the winter.

They first built a willow house for the winter by driving posts into the ground every 5 or 6 feet, then weaving willows back and forth around the posts. When plastered with mud and roofed with willows and prairie grass, it made a snug home until spring came and the roof started to leak. By that time there were houses available in Florence.⁴

In the fall of 1859, Lovina's brother John, then the Patriarch to the Church, came east to visit

family. He spent the winter visiting with Emma and others. In the spring of 1860 he was put in charge of a wagon train which included Lorin, Lovina, and their six children.

Traveling with a wagon train was basically boring, hard work as they walked mile after weary mile next to the lumbering ox-drawn wagons. One day Lovina's six-year-old daughter, Edwina, was riding in the wagon and decided to get down and walk. Lovina looked up just as Edwina lost her balance and jumped awkwardly. Her leg twisted as she landed, destroying her knee. They managed to straighten and splint it, but she walked on crutches for the rest of her life.⁵

One evening in the hills of Wyoming Lovina's son, John, decided to see if he could get a rabbit to help with the dwindling food supply. Lovina heard the report of his gun and hoped for his success, but her heart dropped as she saw him staggering towards camp with blood dripping from his left arm. He had slipped just as he was preparing to shoot and the gun discharged, injuring his arm.⁶ They treated it as best they could, but felt that he should get to proper medical aid as soon as possible. The next morning Lorin was left in charge of the wagon train while John took his mule-drawn wagon and with Lovina and the wounded youth headed as fast as possible for Salt Lake City. They made it there in a week and were able to save his arm. The wagon train came into town eight days later and there was a joyful reunion.

The Walker family settled in Farmington, where Lovina lived out the remainder of her days, dying on October 27, 1870. ▼

1 Jeffrey S. O'Driscoll, *Hyrum Smith, A Life of Integrity* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 2003), 309.

2 LDS Family Tree records the event. Family lore provides the story.

3 William Holmes Walker, *The Life Incidents and Travels of Elder William Holmes Walker*, 3rd edition, (Published by Elizabeth Jane Walker Piepgrass, 1971), 96.

4 Walker, 103, and Jerusha Walker Blanchard, *Memoirs of Yesterday*, an unpublished manuscript a copy of which is in the possession of the author, 1. Both describe how they built the willow house.

5 Blanchard, 2.

6 Blanchard, 2.

SECOND CHILD

Mary Smith

BY DON LEE

Mary Smith was born June 27, 1829, in Manchester, New York, into a household that consisted not only of Hyrum, Jerusha, and her sister Lovina, but also Father and Mother Smith (her grandparents) and various aunts and uncles, all living together in the Smith log cabin. This was the time of the completion of the Book of Mormon and its preparation for printing.

In April 1830, those who were to become members of the Church of Christ gathered together at the Whitmer farm in Fayette to officially organize the Church. Mary, now nine months old, was there with her parents. Aunt Emma, who had no children at the time, was delighted to hold Mary on her lap during the meeting and to get to know her new niece.

By the time her family arrived in Kirtland, Mary was a very active two-year-old and delighted in following her sister, Lovina, everywhere. The two could be seen playing together around the log cabin that was their first home. Lovina, almost four, would run somewhere with Mary trying

valiantly to keep up. Lovina would wait for her and the two would continue on hand in hand.

In May 1832, the world looked rosy, Kirtland was becoming stable as the gathering place for the Saints, Hyrum and Jerusha's two girls were growing well, and Jerusha as expecting their third child. Then one morning Mary awoke with a fever. At first Jerusha was not concerned, but Mary's fever persisted and it was obvious that the child was in distress. The doctor could only shake his head and suggest rest and cold compresses to try to control the fever. Hyrum gave her a blessing, but to no avail. Jerusha picked her daughter up and held her close as she paced the floor. When she tired, Hyrum took his turn. Mary put her thin arms around his neck as he walked around the room, but soon those arms went limp and she passed away. Hyrum wrote in his journal that night: "Today my daughter, Mary, died in my arms." (Jerry C. Roundy, *Jerusha Barden, 1st Wife of Patriarch Hyrum Smith* (Provo, UT: E. H. Peirce, 1999), 16. ▣)



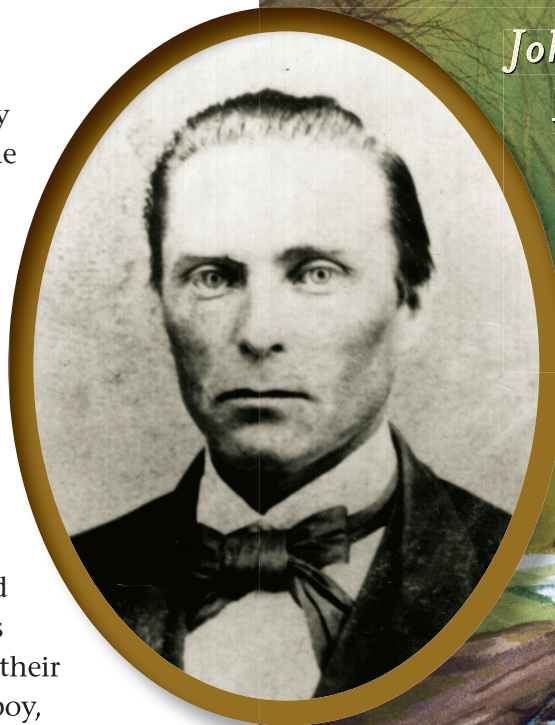
Mural of Kirtland Temple: "The School, a Temple of Learning" by Mitchell Warner, in the Joseph F. Smith Building, BYU campus.

HYRUM AND JERUSHA'S FIRST SON *John Smith*

BY RUTH STEED

It was a crisp evening in the early fall of 1832 when Jerusha felt the first waves of pain announcing the forthcoming birth of her third child. Jerusha and Hyrum were the loving parents of two daughters, Lovina and Mary, who brought delight into their lives. Tragically, death had taken their two-year-old Mary only five months before. Though Jerusha and Hyrum deeply mourned the loss of their little girl, they couldn't help hoping this child might be a son. On September 22 as the Autumn Solstice arrived, so did their joy as they held their healthy new boy, baby John, in their arms.

The Church was in its infancy at the time of John's birth, and he traveled a parallel path of persecution, loss, and trial in his life that served to make him valiant and strong. John was five in 1837 when his mother passed away only days after giving birth to his baby sister, Sarah. Now with five small children needing nurturing and care, Hyrum was greatly blessed to soon bring a new mother, Mary Fielding, into the home to love and raise the children as her own. Within a few months of Mary's joining the family, persecution drove the Saints from Kirtland to Far West, Missouri. The winter of 1838 was dark and cruel for six-year-old John. His father and Uncle Joseph were being starved and abused as prisoners in Liberty Jail. His family and the rest of the Saints were being driven out of Missouri and he suffered much from cold and hunger. When John's father returned home from Liberty Jail on April 22, 1839, the family moved to a place called Commerce, Illinois, which later became the City of Nauvoo.



John was six years old in 1838 when his father and Uncle Joseph were starved and abused as prisoners in Liberty Jail.

Artwork by Al Rounds

John again experienced the sorrow of loss when his little brother and playmate Hyrum died in 1841—Hyrum was only seven years old.

Nauvoo provided John with the experience of relative peace and safety during which time he deeply bonded with his grandparents, Lucy and Joseph Senior; his cousin, Joseph Smith III; and other close members of the extended family. His time of safety was short lived, however. In June of 1844 his father and Uncle Joseph were murdered



Liberty Jail

in Carthage Jail by a bloodthirsty mob, and John was left again to cope with the deep sorrow of loss.

The Nauvoo Temple was completed and the Saints performed much work for the living and the dead within the temple walls. In 1846 at the tender age of 13, John received his own endowment and was ordained an Elder. One year later he left his family to travel west with Heber C. Kimball's company to a destination John was not fully aware of at the time. After about three days on the trail,

John was overcome with homesickness and returned to his family for a couple of days to regain his courage.

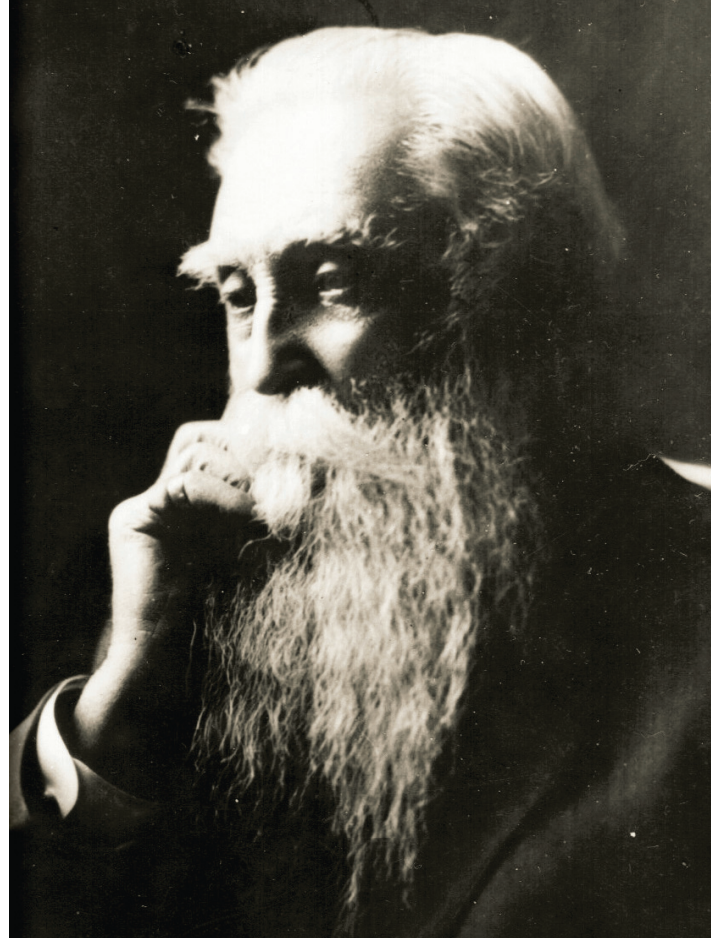
During his stay at home, the Mississippi froze over, so when he was ready to return he crossed the river on skates and soon rejoined his company moving west. On the journey John was required to drive loose stock and teams, herd cattle and horses and do other forms of hard labor. It was during this journey that his association with Heber C. Kimball

introduced him to the taste of chewing tobacco. This practice became a trial that would follow him throughout the remainder of his life.

Also during this trek it was discovered John had exceptional tenderness and concern for others. As the company journeyed westward they landed near the present site of Omaha, Nebraska, at the time called Sarpee's Trading Post, among the Pottawattamie Indians. During their stay in that area John became acquainted with Colonel Thomas L. Kane, who had become very ill. Self-sacrificing and kind, John served as Colonel Kane's nurse and healer for two weeks until the Colonel had regained his strength.

After seven months on the trail John received word that Mary Fielding was headed west. True to his nature, John traveled in company with Almon W. Babbit back about 150 miles of rough terrain to join her. They settled in Winter Quarters, where John went to work building a log house to protect them. In summer he made fences, tilled the ground, and took on a man's job in the hay and harvest fields, providing much-needed support for his family.

On his 16th birthday John drove five wagons down Big Mountain, east of Salt Lake City. It was dark long before he got to camp because the wheel of one wagon ran into a tree about 15 inches



through. Before he could go any farther, he had to lie on his back chopping at the tree with a dull axe until the tree was chopped down. The next day, September 23, 1848, the family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

John settled with Mary Fielding and the family on a farm in Sugar House. On September 21, 1853, the day before his 20th birthday he suffered another tragic loss when his dear stepmother, Mary Fielding, passed away, leaving him full responsibility to care for the family. By the end of the following year John married his first love, Hellen Maria Fisher on December 23, 1853, and built a small adobe cottage on the family farm. Together they raised five sons and four daughters.

Only 22 years old, young John was called on February 18, 1855, to be the 6th presiding Patriarch to the Church. In his ordination blessing given by President Brigham Young, John was blessed, "and set apart to your calling which falleth unto thee through the lineage of your forefathers . . . and we confirm thee [John] to be the first in the Church of Jesus Christ among the Patriarchs, to set apart and confirm other Patriarchs." John never aspired to position or power in the Church but was a charismatic, compassionate servant who cared more about the welfare of people than about in-

John Smith's home in Salt Lake City.



During the coming years plenty of contention and persecution was aimed against the Church from “apostate” Smith cousins who had remained in Missouri. Although it was strictly frowned upon by the leadership of the Church, John continued his friendship and association with his cousins, especially Joseph Smith III. No matter their false claims against the Church, himself, or members of his family, to John, they were loved ones and would always remain so. Neither John nor Hellen was enthusiastic about plural marriage so when Brigham Young called upon them to take another wife, it was a great trial to them. When John did marry a second wife, 23-year-old Mary Melissa Lemmon on February 18, 1857, Hellen was thoroughly troubled and wrote a letter to Joseph Smith saying, “Dear Joseph, it was a trial to me but thank the Lord it is over with.” A few months later Hellen wrote to her traveling husband, “Talk about apostatizing, God forgive me for I am a later day seceder, but the Lord knows that I am know polygamist, with the help of the Lord I will have nothing to do with it, can you understand that?”

On May 17, 1862, John left Salt Lake City to serve as a missionary and arrived in Denmark September 6, 1862. Four months into the mission John wrote in his journal, “I will here state that nothing of importance transpired during my stay in Copenhagen . . . except my studying the language which is weariness.” John’s missionary journal testifies of his compassionate nature as he was constantly concerned about the welfare of his fellow missionaries and often cared for the sick or injured elders.

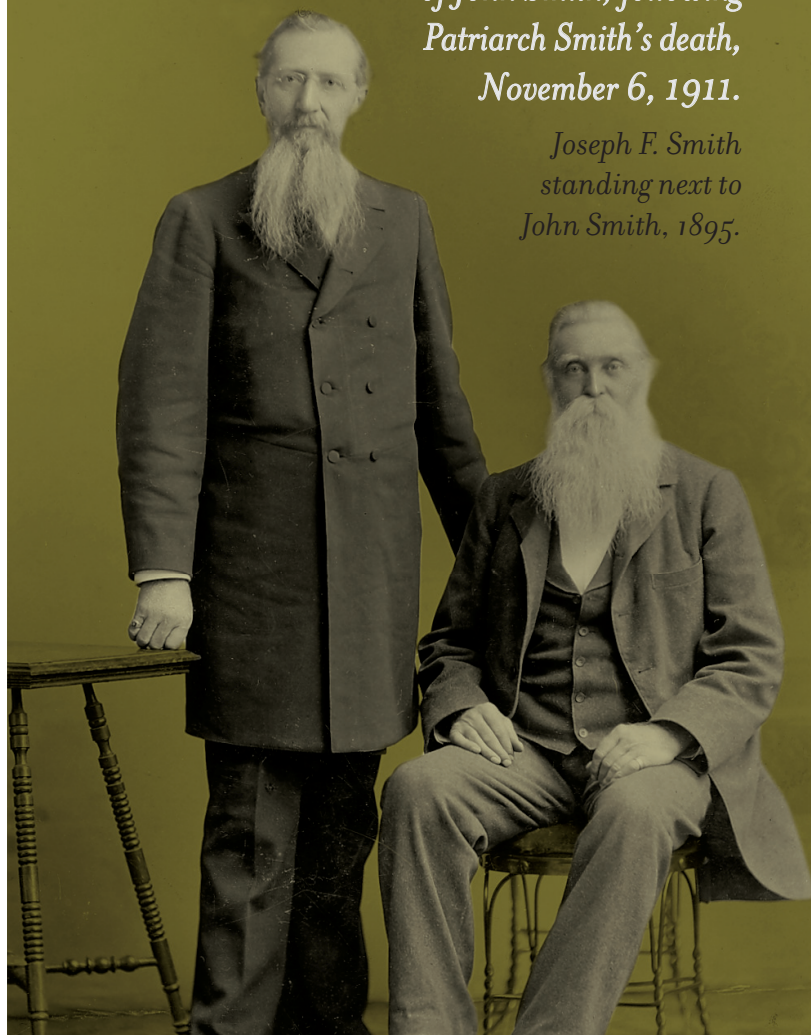
When John returned home and continued his duties as Patriarch to the Church. Insofar as the Word of Wisdom was concerned, John was caught in the changing values of the Church as the revelation became more strictly regarded. John had difficulty changing. Despite criticism from some leaders and members, John’s patriarchal blessings reflected a deep spiritual insight and gift of eloquence.

John gave 20,659 blessings during his 56-year ministry as Patriarch and traveled hundreds of miles in all kinds of weather, mostly on horseback. John was dearly loved by many and gave his last blessing on June 29, 1895, one week before he died of pneumonia on

“I found him to be one of the greatest men that ever lived; in this way, he had a good word for man, woman, & child, and even those that persecuted us he spoke well of. He had flowing in his veins some of the noble blood that his Master had when He said Father forgive them for they know not what they do. How often has he, when people complained, turned and given them a blessing[?] We all love him. . . . There was nothing boasting about him, he was simply Patriarch John Smith. It seems to me it took his departure to have his name or picture in a paper, yet he held one of the greatest offices in the Church.”

*—A tribute written by
John McDonald, friend
of John Smith, following
Patriarch Smith’s death,
November 6, 1911.*

*Joseph F. Smith
standing next to
John Smith, 1895.*



FOURTH CHILD

Hyrum Smith Jr.

BY DON LEE

Hyrum Smith Jr., born April 27, 1834, was the fourth child of Hyrum Smith and Jerusha Barden. As a child of four he made the trip with his family from Kirtland, Ohio, to Far West, Missouri, a distance of over 850 miles, almost as far as from Winter Quarters to the Valley.

The family left Kirtland in late March 1838 with a train of several wagons. A party of 11 traveled with the group including the following: Hyrum and Mary and five children from Hyrum's first marriage—Lovina, John, Hyrum Jr., Jerusha, and Sarah; Aunty Hannah Grinnell, who helped as a nurse to the children; George Mills, an elderly veteran who lived with the family and helped with chores and odd jobs; Robert and Mercy Thompson, sister to Mary.

They carried food stuffs and personal items, as well as farm implements, seed and shoots for various

fruit trees. Mary had brought her own shoots from the lilac bushes around the house. Hyrum had arranged for a farm in Missouri and was prepared to go to work immediately upon their arrival.

The trip was long and muddy for it was spring and the rains kept the roads in poor condition. Most of the time, young Hyrum rode in the wagon, for it was difficult to keep up with the horse-drawn wagons on the muddy roads. His greatest joy, however, was when he got to ride on the horse with his father.

The summer in Far West was delightful with the warm sunshine and large areas that he could roam around in—at least as far as his step-mother would allow him to go.

But when fall came, his father was arrested and taken off to jail. For the rest of their time in Far West his big sister, Lovina, was in charge of the children

since his mother was sick in bed and Aunty Hannah and Aunt Mercy were busy. The mob-soldiers were scary, but Lovina was



Temple lot in Far West, photograph by George Edward Anderson, 1907.



Hyrum Smith

1800–1844



FIRST WIFE:
Jerusha Barden

1805–1837

CHILDREN:
Lovina Smith
1827–1876

Mary Smith
1829–1832

John Smith
1832–1911

Hyrum Smith
1834–1841

Jerusha Smith
1836–1912

Sarah Smith
1837–1876

there to protect him. She played games with the children and read stories to them.

Finally, because of the problems the Saints encountered in Missouri, the family had to leave the state. On a winter day in February 1839, they loaded in a wagon the few belongings they had left and went east across the Mississippi. It was a time of cold, wet, and hunger.

Hyrum Jr. was ecstatic when his father was able to return to the family. Not long after that the family settled in Nauvoo, which was a wonderful place for a young boy. There were streams and marshes full of great things like frogs and snakes. It was fun to catch a nice green water snake and scare his sisters with it. But his stepmother was even more fun since she wasn't scared, but

admired his catch and told him all about what a wonderful thing the snake was and how it ate lots of baby mosquitos. The mosquitos caused lots of problems and may have caused his death. The early Mormons didn't know about malaria and the other diseases that the mosquitos carried; they just knew they were a nuisance. They did know that they got the ague with chills and fever.

This may have been what Hyrum Jr. came down with in the fall of 1841. He became ill, would rally, and then have another attack. Finally in mid-September his health failed dramatically and his frail body could no longer fight the infections that invaded it. He passed on September 21, with his parents and siblings gathered around him. ▣

FIFTH CHILD

Jerusha Smith Peirce

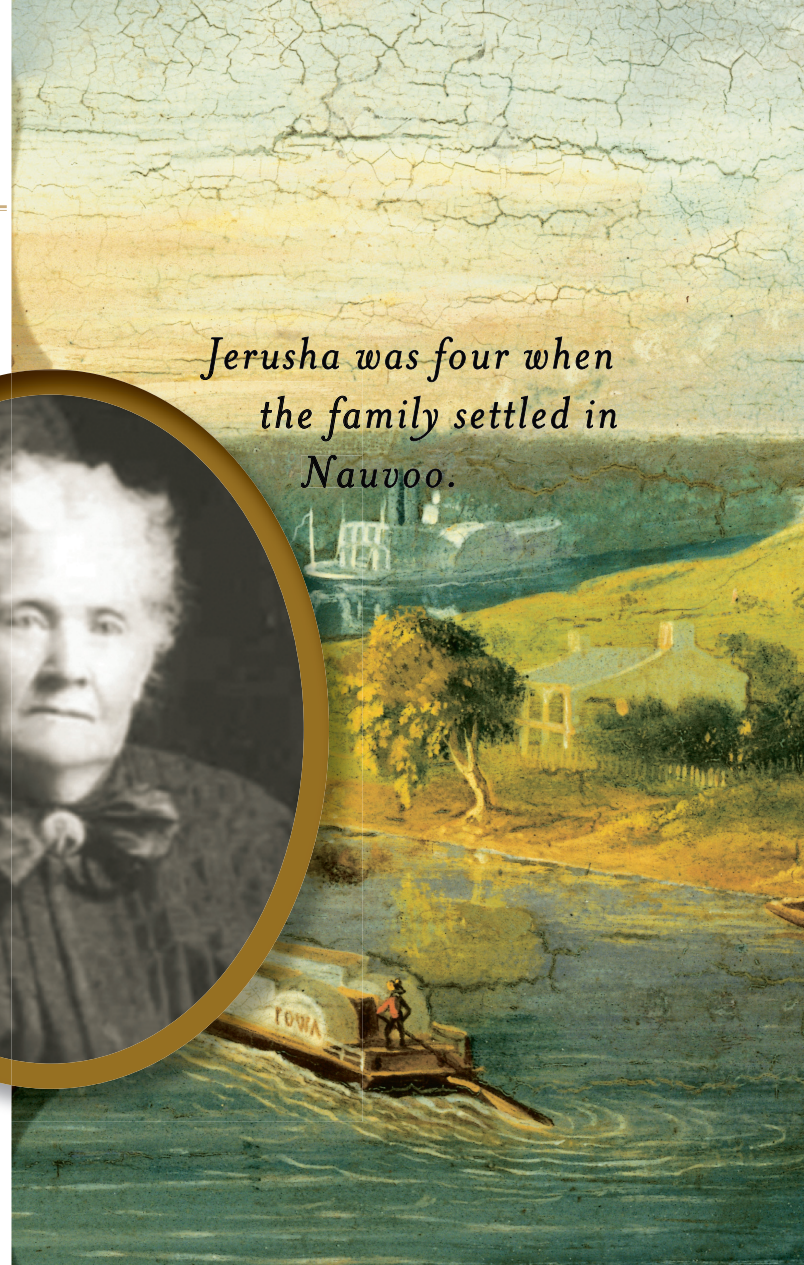
BY DENNIS JEPPSEN

Jerusha would call the family in as she would sit on the bed in the main room of the log house with her feet tucked up under her. She told them stories of the early days in Nauvoo, stories of the Martyrdom and mobs, of moving the Prophet's and Hyrum's bodies to keep them safe, stories of Mary Fielding Smith and crossing the trails and mountains, and of the early days in the Salt Lake Valley. She knew the stories of the pioneering and settling of a new land firsthand, so she told of the fighting against and contending with nature and Indians. The children shivered as she told of hiding in the cornfield while Indian warriors hunted for them. She told of turning 80 acres of sagebrush into a productive ranch, where they had a home and a fine team of horses. She was a gifted storyteller and would mesmerize her audience to the point that they said the hair would stand up on the back of their necks. Jerusha told the story so well that the young folks could see it as if they were there. She loved to tell stories and felt that she was passing on her heritage.

Jerusha, named after her mother, was born January 13, 1836, in Kirtland, Ohio, the fifth child of Patriarch Hyrum Smith and Jerusha Barden Smith. Her mother died when she was 21 months old, so she had little memory of her biological mother. However, the family stories and historical facts confirm that she had a ringside seat on the events of the settling of the West.

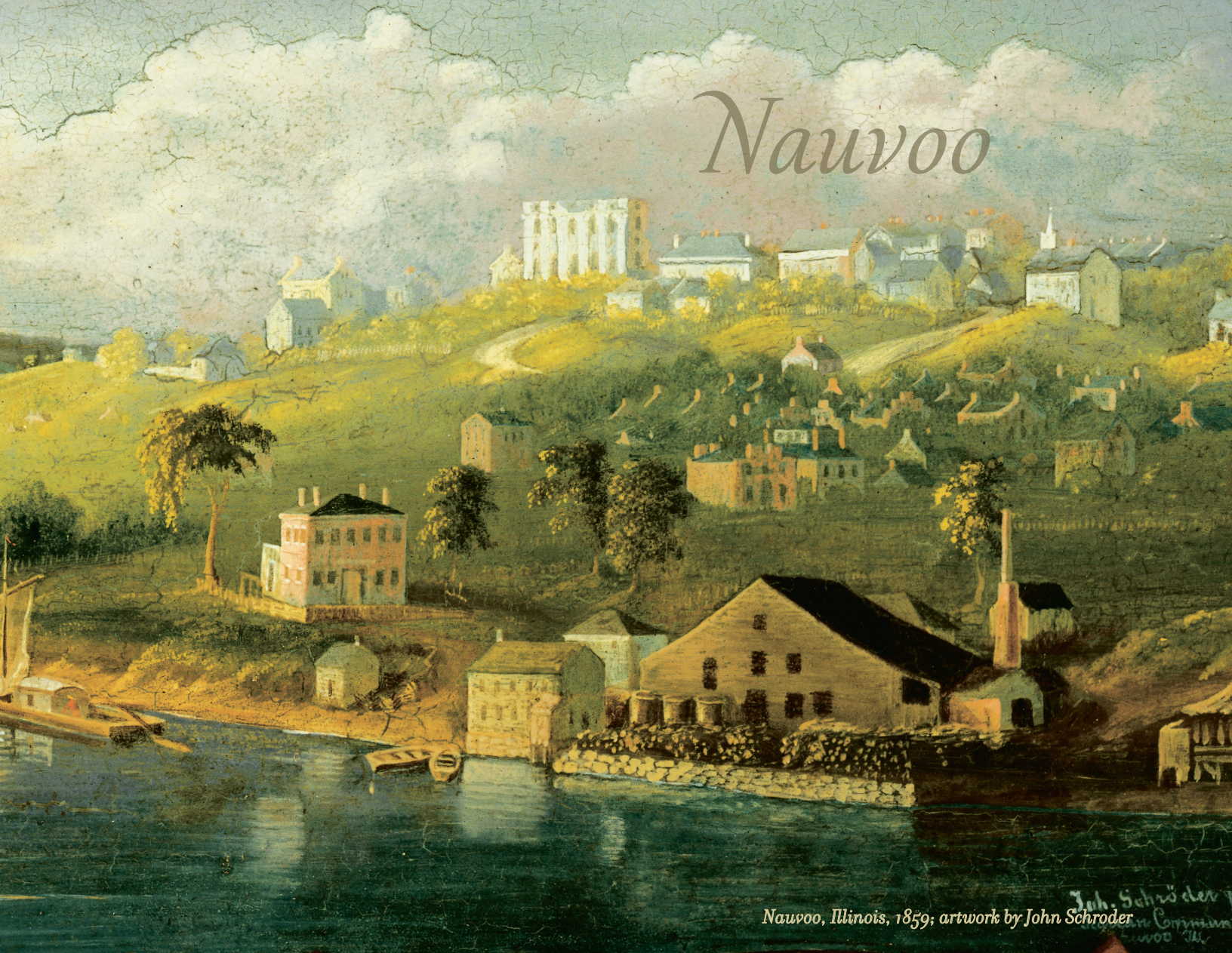
Shortly after the death of Jerusha's mother, Mary Fielding entered the family when Jerusha's father Hyrum and Mary Fielding were wed.

Jerusha was four when the family settled in Nauvoo.



It was shortly after that when the family moved to Far West, where the infamous Liberty (Missouri) Jail days took place. From there they went to Nauvoo, where Jerusha's family settled when she was four. At first, things were peaceful there, but then the persecution started. As a young girl in Nauvoo her awareness of the difficult circumstances grew with her age. The later Nauvoo years bothered her a great deal even in her adult years so that she had nightmares of those dreadful days.

It was always a touchy point to Jerusha that she had not reached the Salt Lake Valley until 1848 when she was 12 years old. Her eventual husband, William Peirce, came to the Valley in 1847 and teased her about coming so late. She did a lot of walking over the pioneer trail and particularly



Nauvoo, Illinois, 1859; artwork by John Schroder

the desolation of South Pass, Wyoming, which seemed to go on and on for endless miles.

When Jerusha arrived in the Valley, Mary Fielding Smith had an adobe home built where Highland Drive and 2700 South are today. There she lived with the children and with her brother Joseph and sister Mercy as neighbors. She did all that she could to keep her family fed. The adobe two-room house was 12 x 16 feet, which is an average bedroom by today's standards. Mary was with them only four years before she died in 1852. Jerusha was only 16 years old when Mary died.

Two years later she wed the neighbor's son, William Peirce. The newlyweds moved to what was at the time the northern fringe of settlement being four miles north of Brigham City, Utah. The area was then called Call's Fort and later became Harper

Ward. They were sealed in the endowment house on October 10, 1863.

In the early days, there was a standing order to leave the Indians alone and it would have been well if Hyrum Robert, their eldest son, had followed that counsel. William was away from home when one particular event took place which helped define the nature and strength of Jerusha. There was a spring located just a little way from Jerusha and William's home. Many evenings the Indian campfires could be seen from the house as the Shoshones would camp by the spring and go into Brigham City during the day to trade. Hyrum Robert had a new David and Goliath Sling Shot and of course he wanted to try it out on something that was moving. He selected one of the male Indians and gave the sling shot a try. He



must have been fairly close and watched by others for when he hit his mark fluid came out from the Indian's eye. Panicked he ran for the safety of home and confessed to his mother. Two of the tribal men appeared at the cabin door and wanted to take the boy to deal with him. Somehow Jerusha convinced them that she would take care of

things to their satisfaction. One of them cut willow switches while Hyrum was tied with no shirt face down on the poster bed. His mother then beat him with the branches until the men were satisfied. When the men left, she collapsed in tears, then freed and treated her chastened son. Hyrum wore the scars from that beating to the grave, but his mother undoubtedly saved his life.

Travel was slow in those days. Picture in your mind a sweet old lady dressed in black and smoking a corn cobb pipe on the seat of the wagon as she, her husband, and a granddaughter worked their way from north of Brigham City to Layton, where they stayed with an Aunt overnight and were then

off for the second day of travel to Salt Lake City, where they stayed with another family member, conducted a day's business, and then repeated the two-day journey back to Brigham City. Today we would travel that distance in three hours.

For many years Jerusha's brother John would come up for some relaxation from the rigors of being the third generation Patriarch to the Church. He would spend days and nights with the family in the relaxed and homey atmosphere created by his sister Jerusha. Before coming, he filled his pockets with candy to be a sure hit with Jerusha's little ones.

One day when Jerusha's husband was currying the horses he passed away. Four years later, on June 26, 1912, Jerusha joined him in death. Her funeral was attended by the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith, he being her half-brother. Speakers at the service were President Joseph F. Smith, Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith, Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, and Bishop David A. Smith. Leonard Eli Thomas Peirce, a grandson, drove the team of horses that pulled the funeral wagon to Calls Fort, present-day Honeyville, Utah, where she is buried.

She bore nine children, three that died young and six that lived to maturity. ☐

Dennis Jeppsen is a descendant of Jerusha Smith Peirce.

MONUMENTS AND MARKERS



Call's Fort

Location: Highway 38 south of Honeyville, Utah

Inscription reads: This monument marks the S. E. corner of a fort built by Anson Call and associates in 1855 under direction of President Brigham Young, as protection against Indians. The fort was the most northerly outpost in Utah. It was 120 feet square, with walls 8 feet high and 3 feet thick, built of rock, part of which is in this monument. The circular stones were taken from one of the first burr flour mills built in northern Utah in 1852, owned by Omer and Homer Call. The three Call brothers were early pioneers and builders of Northern Utah.

Erected by Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association and members and friends of the Call family, 1933.

SIXTH CHILD

Sarah Smith Griffin

**BY JERRY C. ROUNDY
AND DEBBIE PORTER
NELSON**

Biographies of men in The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are often written praising them for their commitment and devotion to the gospel of Jesus Christ because they are willing to leave home and family to spend years in the mission field away from loved ones. But what about the wife who remained at home caring for the family with little income and only the necessities she could raise or improvise? If one is looking for an example of a righteous, persevering, stalwart pioneer wife, Sarah Smith Griffin is almost the perfect template.

Sarah was born October 2, 1837, in Kirtland, Ohio. She never knew her birth mother, Jerusha Barden Smith, the first wife of Hyrum Smith, who died 11 days after giving birth to her; nor did she have many years with her father, Hyrum, who was martyred June 27, 1844, when Sarah was just six and a half-years-old.

Sarah said she remembered “Aunty Grinnell” (Hannah Woodstock Grinnell, a widow who lived with the Smiths) taking her by the hand and going to the Mansion House to see her father and Uncle Joseph as they were prepared for burial. She remembered distinctly the people showing her the bullet hole in the side of her father’s nose; it had been filled with cotton. She also remembered having sore eyes and had to hold her eyelids open with her fingers to see him.



Sarah crossed the plains to the Salt Lake Valley along with her stepmother, Mary Fielding Smith, her brothers John and Joseph F., sisters Jerusha and Martha Ann and several others in their party. They arrived in the Valley September 23, 1848.

Once settled into the Valley, one of their neighbors was the family of Albert Bailey and Abigail Varney Griffin, whose son Charles Emerson herded cows for three or four summers with her brother Joseph F. The Griffin and Smith families became extremely close; their lives were intertwined.

Sarah was married to Charles on January 16, 1854, when she was 16 by Heber C. Kimball. They moved to Sugar House, Utah, where Charles worked on the church farm and was appointed as a school trustee; he and Sarah were active members of their church and community. Their first child, Charles Smith, born January 18, 1855, died the same day. On March 21, 1856, Alice Lovina was born, bringing happiness and healing to their family.

In 1857 Charles was called as part of a militia force to go out on the plains to harass Johnson’s troops. He left Sarah to care for the farm and Alice.

Baby Sarah was born in 1858 (no date is given), dying shortly after her birth. Joseph Emerson was born January 30, 1859.

In 1861 Sarah moved with Charles and their two children to the Weber River area. They settled in Coalville, where Sarah shouldered a great deal of responsibility since Charles was deputy sheriff,

assessor and tax collector for Summit County and served as second counselor in the bishopric.

In the fall of 1862 they moved back to the Sugar House area. On March 3, 1863, a new baby boy, Ernest Adelbert, was born. Charles left Sarah and the children in the spring to help assist immigrants coming to Utah.

The Griffins were counseled to move to Kanab Creek during the Black Hawk War in 1865–67. They had barely gotten their log house built when Bishop Winsor and three other brethren decided to build a fort in Glendale because of the warlike disposition of the Indians. The next day Charles pulled the house down and moved it to the ground that had been laid out for the fort. It was two weeks before the family could move back into a house.

On February 17, 1865, Sarah gave birth to a little girl named Hannah. This was her sixth child, fourth to survive. There were now four children in the home—Alice, Joseph, Ernest, and Hannah.

In the spring of 1864, the first settlement established in Long Valley was called Berryville. Charles Griffin and Sarah were among the first settlers. The settlement was later renamed Glendale.



After several moves throughout southern Utah, the Griffins almost had a new house built in Kanarraville, when Charles was advised by his brother-in-law, Joseph F. Smith, to move to Coalville. Once again Sarah left a new home to face a new challenge.

About the first of August 1867, Charles came down with small pox, and because of quarantine laws, he was removed about two miles from town to what was known as the “pest house,” where there were three or four others with the disease, and spent six weeks in quarantine. Sarah wanted to go with him to take care of him in his illness but was fearful that she might contract the disease and infect their children. Telling her brother Joseph F. of her concern, he blessed her that she should go and take care of her husband and that neither she nor her children would become afflicted with the disease. This she did and his blessing was fulfilled in every detail.

John Marvin Griffin was born January 18, 1868, dying February 16, 1868.

During the winter of 1870 Charles worked in a wagon shop making new wagons and doing repair work. He also “surveyed almost every town in the county.” He also had duties as deputy sheriff. On April 26, 1870, Sarah gave birth to a baby girl they named Martha Ann—she did not survive. January 13, 1871, baby Hyrum was born—he did not survive. Later in 1873 (no date given), Sarah gave birth to another baby girl, Abigail—she did not survive.

Just when Sarah thought they were settled, they sold their farm and moved to Farmington, then to Ogden. On March 9, 1875, Charles received a letter from Albert Carrington on behalf of Brigham Young, calling Charles on a mission to the British Isles.

There was no question that Charles would soon be leaving home for an extended period of time and Sarah would be left to hold the family together until his return. When children were young the responsibility fell upon the woman of the house to do the outside chores as well as taking care of household duties. Cows had to be milked, livestock fed, eggs gathered, irrigation



Back row: Charles and Sarah; front row: Alice and Joseph.

ditches tended, gardens watered and weeded, and any number of things that a man did had to be performed by the woman left at home. All of these things Sarah did with her children, as well as cooking, washing the clothes, sewing, changing diapers, bathing children and keeping the house up in general. The woman left at home was often the real hero of the family.

Sarah Smith Griffin was a faithful wife and mother who handled every responsibility of the early frontier. After giving birth to Helen Jerusha (her 11th child), and while recovering from it, her youngest son Ernest showed his mother the holes in his overalls. She hugged him and said: "When I get better I'll put some good patches on them for you."

Speaking of this time Charles said: "On the 16th of October 1876 a daughter was born. My wife was not very strong, but yet seemed to be getting along very well until the evening of the 5th of November when she received a sudden

flowing of blood. She lingered until about midnight in terrible distress when she breathed her last. We done all we could do to retain her but her time had come to go, and our endeavors were all in vain. My children were all present with the exception of Joseph, who had gone to Coalville a few days previous."

Sarah died November 6, 1876, at age 39. The baby Helen Jerusha died January 9, 1877, in her father's arms at the home of Joseph F. Smith who had been taking care of her since Sarah's death.

In his journal Charles said: "I have lost a loving, tender and kind wife and mother. She was never known to be angry and was very meek and gentle."

Sarah's brothers John and Joseph F. Smith called her their pet sister. (See the poem Joseph F. wrote to her on the back cover.)

It is said by those who knew her that she inherited from her father, Hyrum, a love and gentleness for her brothers and sisters that she, like her father, portrayed throughout her life. 🏠

fright as she was lying on the bed in a doze, caused by some parties that occupied another portion of the house making a loud noise, which caused her to spring up so suddenly that caused a



Hyrum Smith
1800-1844



FIRST WIFE:
Jerusha Barden

1805-1837

CHILDREN:

Lovina Smith
1827-1876

Mary Smith
1829-1832

John Smith
1832-1911

Hyrum Smith
1834-1841

Jerusha Smith
1836-1912

Sarah Smith
1837-1876

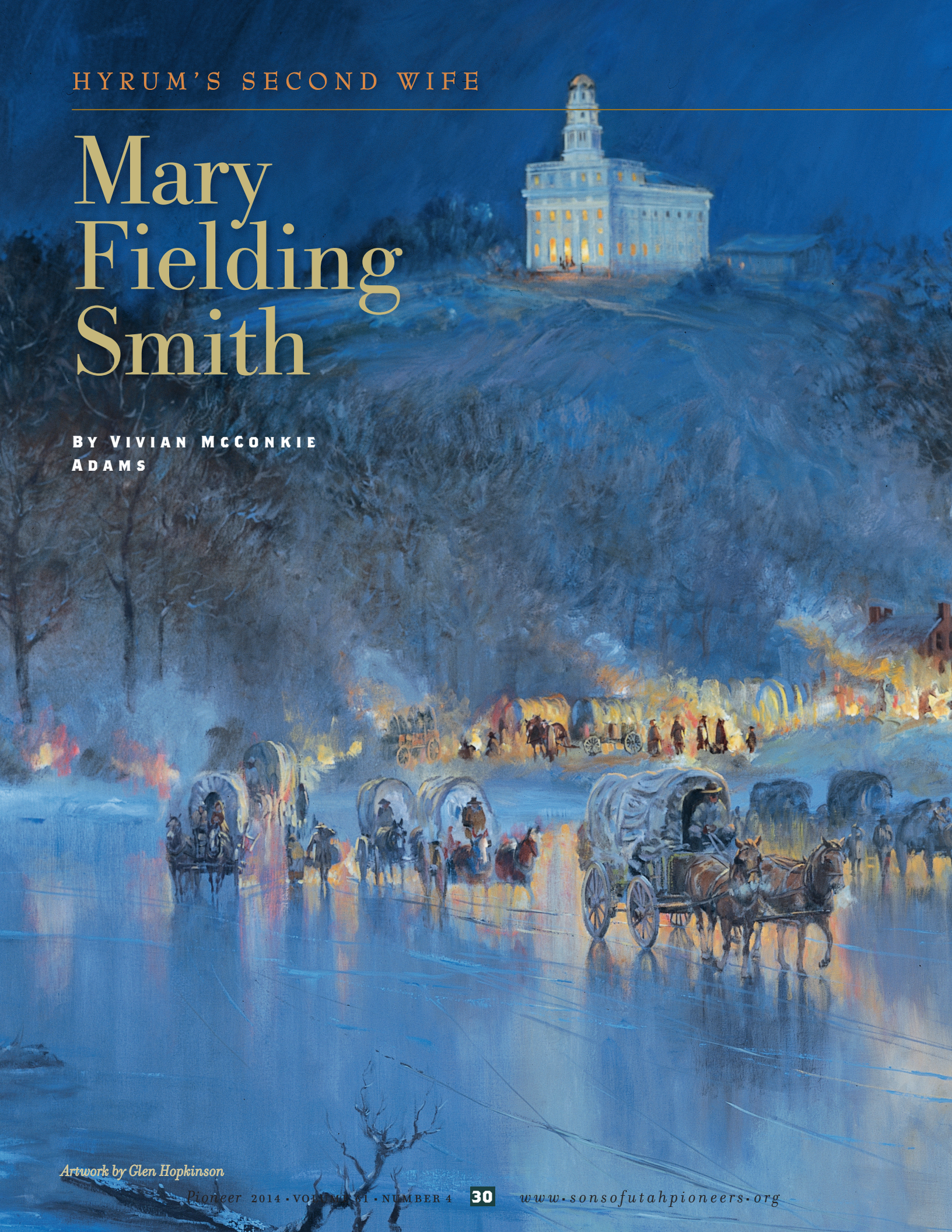
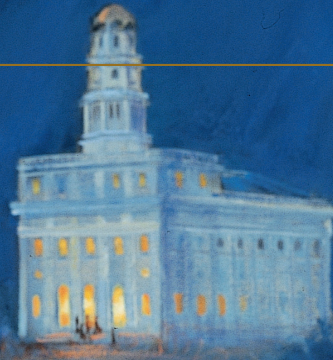
Jerry C. Roundy is a great grandson of Sarah Smith Griffin. A graduate of BYU with a Ph D in Western American History, Jerry has taught at BYU-Hawaii; BYU-Idaho; BYU, Provo; BYU Jerusalem Center, and the Joseph Smith Academy in Nauvoo. Jerry has written short biographies on Jerusha Barden Smith, "Jerusha Barden Smith—Mother of Patriarchs," and Sarah Smith Griffin.

Debbie Porter Nelson is a great-great granddaughter of Sarah Smith Griffin. She serves on the Joseph Smith Sr. Foundation committee.

HYRUM'S SECOND WIFE

Mary Fielding Smith

BY VIVIAN MCCONKIE
ADAMS

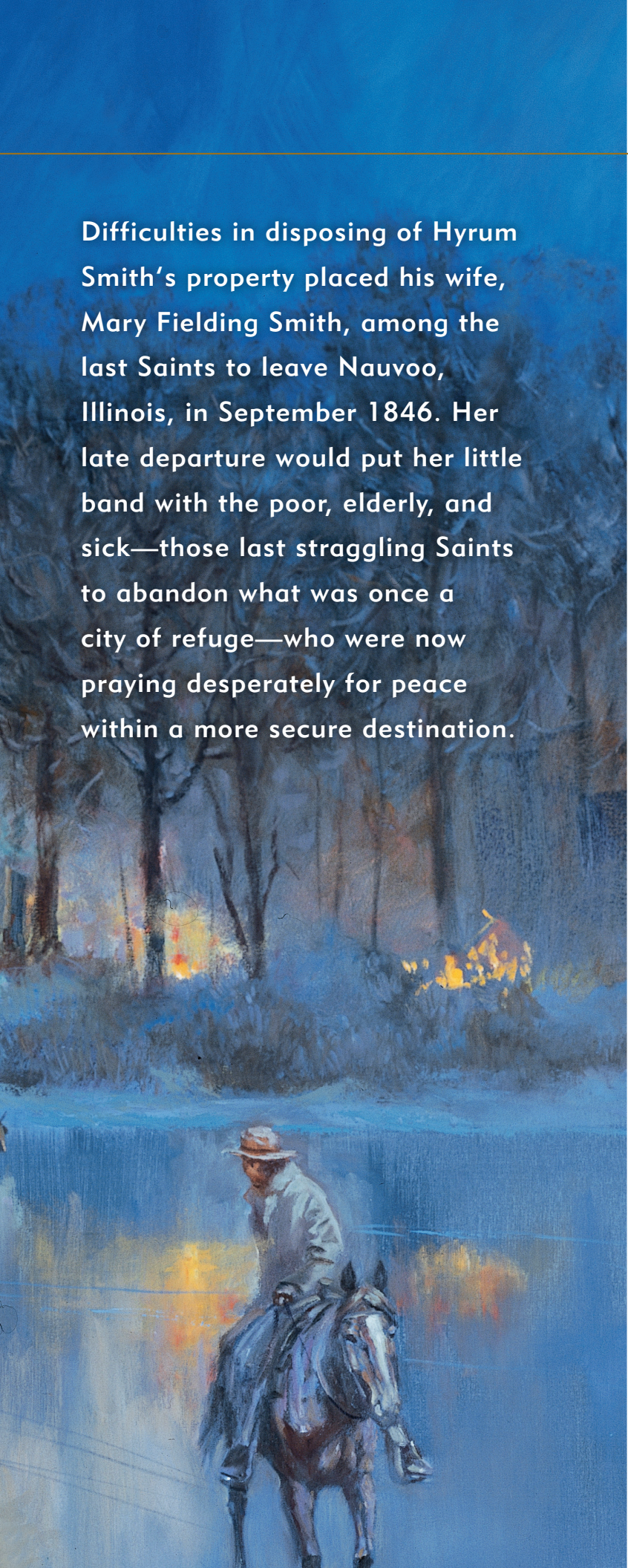


Artwork by Glen Hopkinson

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Difficulties in disposing of Hyrum Smith's property placed his wife, Mary Fielding Smith, among the last Saints to leave Nauvoo, Illinois, in September 1846. Her late departure would put her little band with the poor, elderly, and sick—those last straggling Saints to abandon what was once a city of refuge—who were now praying desperately for peace within a more secure destination.

When Mary Fielding Smith left the city she had some 18 persons for whom she was responsible, including her own two children, Joseph F., nearing eight years of age, and Martha Ann, who was five. She was also mother to Hyrum's children by his deceased wife, Jerusha Barden, who had died 11 days after the birth of her sixth child, Sarah, in Kirtland, Ohio, in 1837. Sarah was now nine, and young Jerusha going on 11. Others in her party were Hannah Grinnell, who had joined the family just before Jerusha's death to help take care of the children; Mary's sister Mercy and her daughter, Mary Jane; her brother Joseph Fielding and his family and a few persons Hyrum had taken into his household to assist or care for, which was a longtime Smith practice.¹

Mary had sent Hyrum's oldest son, John, across the Mississippi with Heber C. Kimball in the icy February exodus of 1846.² Heber had been assigned by the Brethren to watch over Mary's family as circumstances would allow. That autumn found John in the newly organized encampment at Winter Quarters, Nebraska, with Heber and Brigham Young, who would lead the Mormon Exodus. John's experience with the Brethren prepared him to assume duties of manhood and later aid Mary as an accredited teamster in the family's further journey.³

Hyrum's oldest daughter, Lovina, had married Lorin Walker June 23, 1844, just days prior to the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. Lorin was an assistant to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and when Joseph left for his final trial he asked Lorin to look after his wife, Emma, and his family. Lorin and Lovina stayed with Emma Smith in Nauvoo until 1860 when John would bring them west, uniting all of Hyrum's children.⁴

When Mary's household at last crossed the Mississippi on September 8, 1846, they were not prepared with necessary wagons, tents, and provisions. They lay on the ground and watched the September 10th mob bombardment of Nauvoo from their low side of the river.⁵

Mary's young daughter, Martha Ann, recalled

had hidden to Carthage, were loaded onto flatboats and delivered in more than one trip to Montrose, Iowa. The family followed at dusk in the skiff which plied the Iowa crossing. The move, which in truth had occupied several days, had been filled with sufficient peril that the family's last two loads could not be brought across the river.

Mary's brother, Joseph Fielding, had provided a necessary strength to the household departure. Within days of their arrival on the Iowa shore Joseph travelled with Mary 12 miles downriver to Keokuk, where Mary traded some of her proceeds from the sale of Illinois property for the additional teams, wagons, and equipment that would take the family to Winter Quarters.⁷

When Brigham Young learned Mary had crossed the river, he sent for her to come directly to Winter Quarters. An excited John met the family 150 miles out of Winter Quarters and piloted their wagon train to the safety of the camp, October 21, 1846. It was dark when they arrived, which led Joseph to remark, "The lights of the camp . . .

there were very few houses; nearly all were in their tents . . . about a square half mile."⁸

This wintering point, located six miles north of Omaha, would sustain the rudiments of life from their arrival that autumn of 1846 into the summer of 1848. A providential lull in the weather assisted Joseph Fielding in providing clapboard walls and sod roofing for Mary's family, Mercy and her daughter, Mary Jane, and then his own. His health, having been stressed in the Nauvoo expulsion and the journey through Iowa, had made the work "hard," he said, even, at times, "a burden." Fourteen-year-old John joined Joseph in framing and building, then took on the unrelenting chores, cared for the stock, tilled the spring soil, cultivated through summer, and took his place in haying and harvesting the fields.⁹

Winter Quarters proved a way station of primitive conditions, poor diet, and low resistance to disease. "Black leg" or scurvy "ravaged the camp taking the lives of hundreds."¹⁰ In some instances entire families perished together. Joseph Fielding



Artwork by Harold Hopkinson

of his little sons, who were buried together in the same grave.¹¹ Before winter was over he would note their combined livestock losses included four yoke of oxen, several loose oxen, a colt and several horses. He wrote of their sheep, "We had 18 left of the 43 that we started with." The children, too, were wearing out their clothing with little, if any, means of obtaining more.¹² All were aware they could not sustain such loss and leave this west slope of the Missouri for a projected sanctuary in the Rocky Mountains.

Mary knew they must replenish stock and provisions not only for the coming winter, but also for the coveted trek that next summer. Drawing on her diminishing funds, she prevailed upon her brother to travel with her 160 miles to St. Joseph, Missouri, a Winter Quarters supply point. They would take two wagons with two yoke of oxen drawing each. The trip—a week down and much longer returning—was plagued with rain and the inexhaustible mud that made wagon travel so difficult. Martha Ann, just turned six, and Joseph F., going on nine, would accompany them where he would take an essential part in driving their teams.¹³

In later years, Joseph F. would call to memory a homeward camp on the Missouri River bottom by the side of a small tributary which shortly emptied into the river. It was a choice position, providing visibility for miles. A cattle drive headed for the Savannah and St. Joseph markets had camped across the stream. Fearing the proximity might lead their own animals to mingle and be driven off with their neighbors', the family left them to graze through the night still yoked.

In the morning the family was stricken to find their best yoke of oxen was gone. To have wandered from their open view seemed impossible. Joseph F. and "Uncle Fielding," searching plains, woods, and bluff, returned to their camp near noon, fatigued, disheartened, and "soaked to the skin" with the heavy dews of the long prairie grass. Joseph F. remembered, "As I approached I saw my mother kneeling down in prayer. I halted for a moment and then drew gently near enough to

be left in this helpless condition, but to lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue our travels in safety."

On rising from her knees, Mary told her brother and her son that she would look for the cattle, an announcement that astonished them both. Before she was out of their hearing the head of the neighboring cattle drive rode up to inform her that he had seen her oxen at daybreak traveling in an opposite direction. She "did not even turn her head to look at him," Joseph F. recalled, but continued downstream to the bank of the river, and then beckoned them to follow. Joseph outran his uncle to his mother's side where "I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch . . . perfectly concealed from view. . . . The worthy herdsman had suddenly departed when he saw mother would not heed him."¹⁴

Mary felt her family could not languish another season in Winter Quarters. She and the family prayed, she said, that God would interpose "and open our way before us."¹⁵ Mercy and Mary Jane had gone to the Valley in Parley P. Pratt's company in June of 1847. By June of 1848 Mary's dependents had dwindled to nine and her own trek appeared more feasible.

Joseph Fielding began making repairs on her wagons and equipment; she would finally take six wagons and one buggy. Joseph saw little possibility of his own leaving, but Heber C. Kimball urged him to do whatever was necessary to travel with Mary in his company, which would be the last to leave that summer.¹⁶

Heading out of Winter Quarters on the 1st of June, Heber's train would arrive at the staging camp at the Nebraska Elkhorn River on the 2nd.¹⁷ Mary and her brother, Joseph, would strain to leave by the 4th, "being about the last" to join the Elkhorn camp on the 6th. Mary wrote of their efforts, "I suppose that no person has made the attempt under more embarrassed circumstances than we have done. It was, till very lately, quite uncertain that we could start at all, but right or wrong, we are on the way." All of the family was ready to go and of nine-year-old Joseph F. she said, "He

team very well."¹⁸

Mary was assigned to travel in the Third Ten (Second Division) of the Fourth Company. The annoyed captain chafed at her preparation and her late arrival. Upon Mary's request for help with the cattle, he informed Mary curtly that it was folly for her to start in her condition, that she could never succeed, and that if she started she would be a burden upon the entire company. He then advised her sternly to return to Winter Quarters. Mary responded with what her listening son called "mettle," informing the captain that "she would beat him to the valley and would ask no help from him, either."¹⁹ Her next move, Joseph F. reported, was to go back to the Missouri River where she borrowed and hired more cattle.²⁰

Midway between the Platte and Sweetwater rivers, the family was stunned to see one of Mary's best oxen lie down in the yoke as if poisoned. While many gathered to see what had happened, the captain proclaimed the animal dead. Leaving him to complain, Mary went to her wagon and returned with a bottle of consecrated oil. She asked her brother Joseph and hired

ox, implicitly trusting the ordinance. The ox rose and began to go forward when suddenly his companion went down in the same manner. He was also administered to with the same response and the train moved on.²¹

Long days saw the company lumber slowly toward the Valley. Upon crossing the Continental Divide, elevation 7,550 feet, the travelers observed that the streams and rivers now took a westward course. The weather was cooler with morning frost in the high country. September snows could be seen on the distant mountains, prompting a twinge of concern. Of the final 40 to 50 miles of their journey, Joseph Fielding journalized, "The road is shocking bad. I wonder that so little damage was sustained. . . . One creek we had to cross 17 times."²²

The wearied exiles gained the crest of Big Mountain on September 22, 1848, John's 16th birthday. The Promised Land lay before them. It was," Joseph F. declared, "a most delightful sight to us."²³ An invigorated John took five wagons down the mountain and Joseph F. managed one.



Artwork by Glen Hopkinson

The company would sleep well that night knowing that Little Mountain was the last obstacle in a long and often-arduous trek.

Early morning the captain gave notice to the camp to hitch up and roll over Little Mountain—the moment of triumph. But for some utterly inexplicable reason the teams of Mary’s little band were scattered over the uneven terrain. Unfortunately, the captain saw no choice but to go on without them, and so ordered the camp. At Mary’s bidding John retrieved a horse and rode back over the road in search of their animals while the forward teams made their way to the summit of the hill.

Joseph F. wondered at his mother’s prediction. “The last hope of getting into the valley before the rest of our company,” he mused, “was vanishing.”²⁴ He was startled to see a dark and heavy cloud rise rapidly “in the northwest, going directly southwest” to the Little Mountain ascent. “In a few minutes it burst in such a terrific fury that the cattle could not face the storm, and the captain seemed forced to direct the company to unhitch the teams, turn them loose, and block the wheels to keep the wagons from running down the hill.” With the cessation of the storm, John appeared with the cattle and hitched them to the wagons.

When queried by her brother as to whether they should go on or wait for the company to gather up their teams, Mary answered, “They have not waited for us, and I see no necessity for us to wait for them.” The date of the Kimball company’s arrival in the Valley was September 24, 1848. Mary’s little band had arrived on September 23, which enabled them to greet their friends, who were “very dusty, and very footsore, and very tired.”²⁵

It was as Mary had earlier written, “Blessed be the God and Rock of my salvation, here I am, and am perfectly satisfied and happy, having not the smallest desire to go one step backward.”²⁶ Under her care, Hyrum’s family had an inheritance in Zion. ▼

Vivian McConkie Adams is a descendant of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith through Joseph F. Smith. She has been a presenter at BYU Education Week and BYU Women’s Conference and in women’s conferences across the country. She has published several articles and electronic media on Church-related subjects. She is currently Historian and Educational Outreach Chairman for the Joseph Smith Sr./ Lucy Mack Smith Foundation, and for the Joseph F. Smith Association.

1 Don Cecil Corbett, *Mary Fielding Smith, Daughter of Britain: Portrait of Courage* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1966), 199.

2 Irene M. Bates and E. Gary Smith, *Lost Legacy, The Mormon Office of Presiding Patriarch* (Urbana & Chicago, Univ. of Illinois Press, 1996), 124.

3 Bates and Smith, 124.

4 Corbett, 280. See also Don H. Lee, *Lorin and Lovina, A Match Made in Nauvoo* (CreateSpaceIndependent Publishing Platform, 2014).

5 Corbett, 196.

6 Corbett, 195.

7 Corbett, 192–93, 196.

8 Joseph Fielding Journal, 5 books, 1839–1859; LDS Archives, Salt Lake City, Bk. 5, 108.

9 Corbett, 204.

10 Corbett, 206.

11 Mary Fielding Smith Letter Collection, LDS Church History Archives, 1848, Chimney Rock Letter.

12 Joseph Fielding Journal, Bk. 5, 144.

13 Corbett, 209–10.

14 Joseph Fielding Smith, *Life of Joseph F. Smith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1969), 131–33.

15 1848, Chimney Rock Letter.

16 Corbett, 225.

17 Corbett, 225.

18 Chimney Rock Letter.

19 Corbett, 228.

20 “A Plucky Pioneer Mother,” *Improvement Era*, 1918, vol. 21, no. 8 (June 1918).

21 Corbett, 237.

22 Joseph Fielding Journal, Bk.5, 141.

23 Smith, 153.

24 Smith,, 154.

25 Smith, 154–55.

26 Chimney Rock Letter.



Hyrum Smith

1800–1844



SECOND WIFE:

Mary Fielding

1801–1852

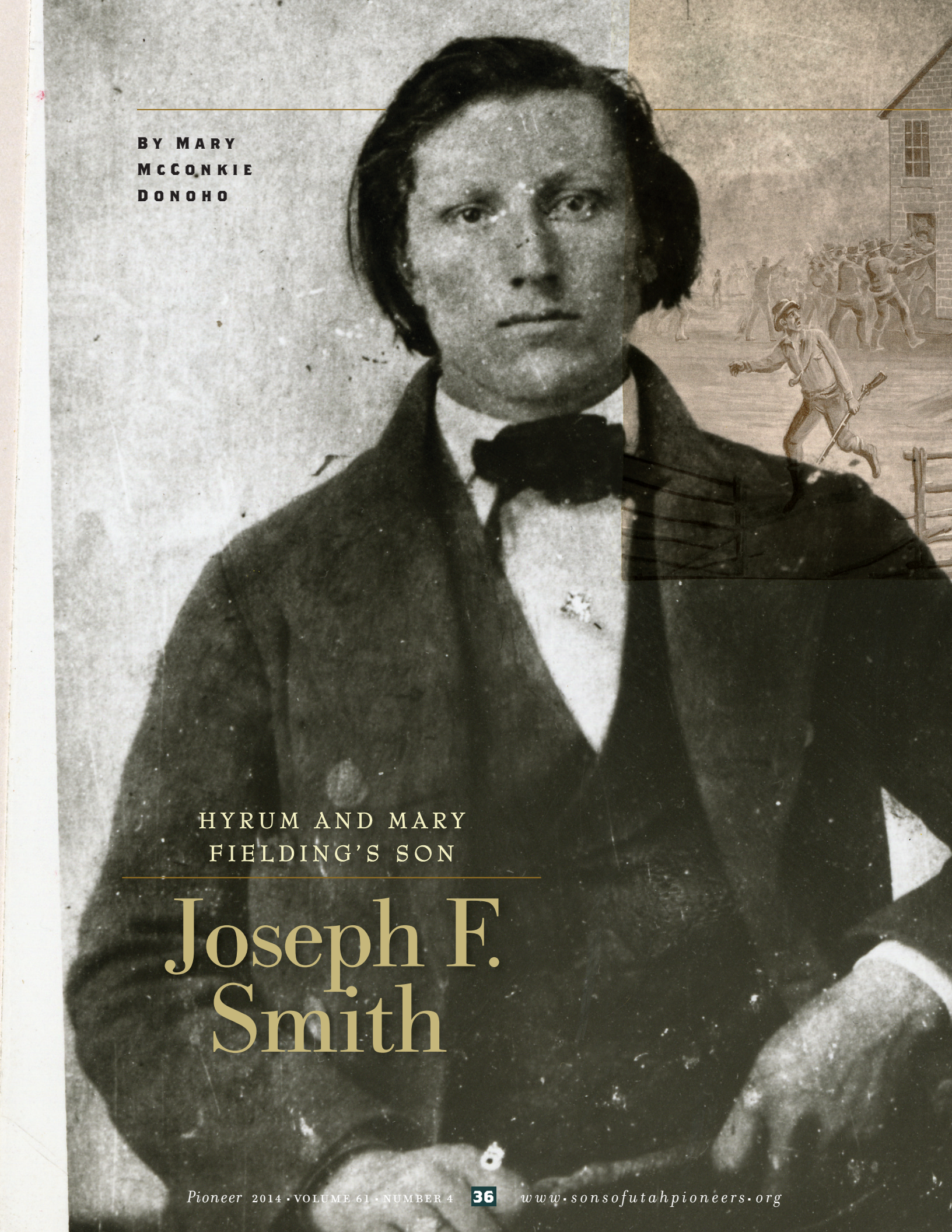
CHILDREN:

Joseph Fielding Smith

1838–1918

Martha Ann Smith

1841–1923

A large, dark, sepia-toned portrait of Joseph F. Smith, a man with dark hair, wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark bow tie. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. In the background, to the right, there is a smaller, lighter-toned illustration of a group of men in 19th-century attire, some holding rifles, standing in front of a stone building. The overall image has a historical, aged appearance.

BY MARY
MCCONKIE
DONOHO

HYRUM AND MARY
FIELDING'S SON

Joseph F. Smith



What could you expect of him . . . if he even lived? Premature and born into poverty of a mother too ill to care for him, a father in prison, and surrounded on all sides by those who wished his whole family dead. Orphaned while still 13 to face the temptations common to all, what chance did he have to make anything of himself? Yet, he was born with a testimony of the Savior, an ear attuned to discerning truth, an eye to understanding God's errand for him, and a courageous soul capable of withstanding the fiery darts of the adversary.

At 13 years of age, his uncle and Church Patriarch, John Smith, pronounced upon his head a blessing that, among other things, promised him that his "name [would] be had in honorable remembrance among the saints forever" and that "the mantle of [his] father [would] be upon [him].¹ Joseph F. Smith served as a special witness of Christ for over half a century. "Dubbed the 'fighting apostle' he knew no neutrality where the principles of the gospel were concerned. He had no fear of offending the devil or of disturbing the

On November 1, 1838, as the clock struck noon, Hyrum Smith's home was invaded by rowdy military guards forcing Hyrum at the point of a bayonet to join his brother Joseph and other prisoners sentenced for execution in the morning (November 2). The prayers of the Saints ascended; the order was momentarily stayed. Plans were made to take the Church leaders to Independence for public display and trial.³ Anxiety for her husband weighed heavily upon Mary when she went into early labor and delivered a premature baby boy on the 13th of the month.⁴ A few days after the birth, a vandalizing mob broke into Hyrum's house, ransacking with impunity. In the ensuing confusion they threw a mattress on the baby, who was discovered by Mary's sister Mercy, blue and near dead at the mob's departure.⁵ Mercy was indeed a godsend at that time, living with the family, caring for Mary and nursing, not only her own baby, but baby Joseph as well.

Grandfather Smith sent word to Hyrum, incarcerated in Liberty Jail, that he was the father of a son and asked what his name should be. The word came back . . . his name would be Joseph to honor his younger brother and Mary's older brother, Joseph Fielding. At eight days of age, the baby was carefully dressed by Phoebe Morton Angell, Mary's midwife, and placed in the arms of his grandfather to receive a name and a blessing.⁶

Even as a small lad, Joseph F. was not unaware of the trials that surrounded his family, and he was affected by it. Writing from England on the anniversary of his birth, Joseph wrote: "The day was cold, bleak and dreary, a fit and proper anniversary of the dark and trying day of my birth, when my father and his brethren were confined in a dungeon for the Gospel's sake, and the Saints were being driven from their homes in Missouri by a merciless mob. The bright sunshine of my soul has never thoroughly dispelled the darkening shadows cast upon it by the lowering gloom of that eventful period."⁷

Joseph F. (who was only five-years-old at the

f Nauvoo in the days leading up to the Martyrdom, and hiding in “the little back uthouse where I shut myself up to keep from going to prison.”⁸ He remembered the exact spot where he last saw his father before he and the Prophet rode off to Carthage. “Without getting off his horse,” he recalled, “father leaned over in his saddle and picked me off the ground. He kissed me goodbye and put me down again.”⁹ He remembered the pronouncement “Hyrum is dead! . . . coming through the window of the old chamber of my mother’s home. . . . I remember the gloom that seemed to hang over the City of Nauvoo. It was a misty, foggy morning; everything looked dark and gloomy and dismal”¹⁰

One need not suppose that there were no good memories of his youthful days in Nauvoo: running, jumping, exploring, playing the games children play. He had many to play with, not only his sister, Martha, and his half-brothers and sisters, but also his cousins, the Prophet’s children who lived four doors down the street. Being bounced upon the Prophet’s knee, walking hand in hand with his father.¹¹ “I can remember when I was a little boy, hearing my father sing. . . . The hymns he sang became familiar to me, even in the days of my childhood. I believe that I can sing them still, although I am not much of a singer.”¹² He met and knew the leading brethren of the Church and saw them in action.¹³ “As a child I knew the Prophet Joseph Smith. . . . O, he was full of joy, he was full of gladness; he was full of love. . . . While he could play with children . . . he also communed with the Father and the Son and spoke with angels. . . . I have listened to him preach the gospel that God had committed to his charge and are. . . . I have retained the witness of the Spirit that I am in his church as a child.”¹⁴



Without parental guidance, 14-year-old Joseph was directionless and wavering. Brigham Young, and others of the leading brethren kept their eye upon the orphaned son of Hyrum and concluded to call him to serve a mission with 21 others to the Pacific Isles.

In September of 1854 and traveling in company with other elders, Joseph found himself on a clipper ship, the *Vaquero*, speeding toward the islands with the cheapest accommodations to be had. “As soon as the ship was clear from the wharf the passengers were lined up on the deck and their names read off to see if there were any stowaways. When the purser called, ‘Joseph Smith’ the captain asked, ‘Any relation to old Joe Smith?’

“‘No, Sir,’ was the prompt answer, ‘I never had

...hindered with his new environment, but with faith, prayer, and determination he soon mastered the language and found great joy in preaching the Gospel in the native tongue. He loved the people and his name is still had in *honorable remembrance* of the Saints there.¹⁷

Early in his mission he had a dream that strengthened him and filled him with hope. He recorded: "I dreamed that I was on a journey, and I was oppressed that I ought to hurry—hurry with all my might, for fear I might be too late. Finally I came to a wonderful mansion. I knew that was my destination. As I passed towards it, as fast as I could, I saw a white bath, 'Bath.' I turned aside quickly and went into the bath and washed myself clean. I opened up this bundle that I had and there was a pair of white garments, a thing I had not seen for a long time. I put them on. Then rushed to what appeared to be a great opening, or door. I knocked and the door opened, and the man who stood there was the Prophet Joseph Smith. He looked at me a little lovingly and the first words he said: 'Joseph, you are clean.' Yet I took confidence and said: 'Yes, but I am not clean—I am clean!'"¹⁸

Three and a half years later he returned home by way of San Francisco. Smith descendants savor the quote: "Yes, siree dyed in the wool true blue, through and through" and can share extemporaneously the occasion that brought it about. When an untoting ruffian bent on killing any Mormon could find aimed his rifle at Joseph and demanded to know if he was a Mormon, his bold reply stunned his challenger into admiration. And he in turn given courage to countless of his descendants when faced with difficult challenges.¹⁹

Joseph F. Smith passed away on the 19th day of November 1918 after 17 years as prophet and president. He had done all that was required of him. He was born with a testimony of the Savior, an ear attuned to discerning truth, an eye to understanding God's errand for him, and a courageous soul capable of withstanding the fiery darts of the adversary. ▣

My McConkie Donoho is a great granddaughter of Joseph

transcribed a number of books on her family heritage including various writings of her Grandfather Oscar Walter McConkie.

1 Nathaniel R. Ricks, "Triumphs of the Young Joseph F. Smith," in *Joseph F. Smith, Reflections on the Man and the Times*, ed. Craig K Manscill et al., 38. Patriarch John Smith gave this blessing in the Salt Lake Valley on June 25, 1852.

2 Joseph Fielding McConkie, "Doctrinal Contributions of Joseph F. Smith" in *Joseph F. Smith Reflections*, 17.

3 *History of the Church*, 3:184.

4 *History of the Church*, 3:192–93.

5 Vivian McConkie Adams, "Remember, Remember" (Unpublished manuscript) speech given for the week of Pioneer Day, July 24, 2003.

6 Kate Carter, *Heart Throbs of the West* (Salt Lake City: DUP), 3:123.

7 Joseph Fielding Smith, *Life of Joseph F. Smith* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1969), 449.

8 Leonard J. Arrington with assistance of Ron Esplin and Christine Rigby, "Joseph F. Smith: From Impulsive Young Man to Patriarchal Prophet," Joseph Smith Sr. Family Reunion, Friday, August 17, 1973.

9 Preston Nibley, *The Presidents of the Church* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co. 1974), 183.

10 "Boyhood Recollections of President Joseph F. Smith as Told by Himself," *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, April 1916, 58.

11 "Boyhood Recollections," 57.

12 President Joseph F. Smith, Conference Report, October 1899, 141–42.

13 Mark McConkie, *Remembering Joseph* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 2003), 57–58.

14 Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine: Selections from the Sermons and Writings of Joseph F. Smith*, compiled by John A. Widtsoe (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1939), 493.

15 Joseph F. Smith, 265, quoted from Richard P. Harris and Martha Ann Smith, *Relief Society Magazine*, vol. 11, 1924.

16 John R. Young, *Memoirs of John R. Young* (Salt Lake City: Deseret News Press 1920), 276.

17 "It was our pleasure to host our local missionaries for dinner when my own children were young. One of the missionaries, a native of Hawaii, enthralled our children with tales of Joseph F. Smith—a legend who had served in Hawaii over 150 years prior."

18 Church Education System, *Presidents of the Church, Student Manual, Religion* 245–28.

HYRUM AND MARY
FIELDING'S DAUGHTER

Martha Ann Smith Harris

BY MATT BENWARE

While serving as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands in 1855, 16-year-old Joseph F. Smith wrote the following to his 14-year-old sister, Martha Ann: "If you have any trials to put up with, you must remember that it is to try you and to see whether you are *Smith grit* or not. . . . Have patience and long suffering . . . and you will be blessed."¹

Martha Ann Smith Harris followed her brother's counsel. Throughout her life, she demonstrated tremendous perseverance, or "Smith grit," as she endured numerous trials and challenges. "Patience and long suffering" truly characterize this saintly woman.

Martha Ann was born in Nauvoo, Illinois, on May 14, 1841. She was the youngest child of Hyrum and Mary Fielding Smith. Martha Ann described her father as "loving, kind, and affectionate, indulgent almost to a fault."² Of her mother Martha Ann wrote, "My mother to this very day is perfect in my mind's eye. . . . I am proud to be her daughter.

She was truly a mother in
Israel and her name shall
be held in everlasting

*Martha Ann
married William
Jasper Harris*

*(Tintype ca. 1857,
courtesy Carol Call King).*

remembrance.”³ Martha Ann was only three years old when her father and uncle, Joseph Smith, were murdered. Even though she was very young, she would always remember her feelings when her family received the terrible news of Hyrum’s and Joseph’s deaths. She said, “The anguish and sorrow that was felt can easier be felt than described. It will never be forgotten by those who passed through it.”⁴

The deaths of Joseph and Hyrum did not result in the demise of the Church they had led, much to the aggravation of their enemies. Out of necessity, it was decided to leave Nauvoo. On September 8, 1846, Martha Ann followed her widowed mother and the rest of their family out of Nauvoo. Her description of their departure is heartbreaking, especially considering this would be the last time she would see her dear grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith. She wrote, “We left our home, just as it was, all the furniture, in fact everything we owned. The fruit trees were loaded with rosy peaches and apples. We bade goodbye to the loved home that reminded us of our beloved father everywhere we turned. . . . We bade goodbye to our dear old grandmother, Lucy Mack Smith. I can never forget the bitter tears she shed when she bade us goodbye for the last time.”⁵

The trek across the plains and through the Rocky Mountains to the Great Salt Lake Valley was full of hardships and afflictions. But they also experienced great miracles and blessings. Martha Ann learned from her mother to work hard and trust in God. The faith and determination of Mary Fielding Smith during their arduous journey has become legendary. To many, she is viewed as the quintessential pioneer woman.

The family arrived in the Great Salt Lake Valley on September 23, 1848, at around 10:00 p.m. They soon built a small home and established a farm



Martha Ann with her brother Joseph F. Smith (*Tintype ca. 1868, courtesy Carol Call King*).

about six miles south of Salt Lake City. Martha Ann spun yarn, milked cows, herded sheep, and gleaned wheat.

They continued to persevere because that was what they were taught to do. Likely no experience in Martha Ann’s life required more perseverance than the death of her mother. Mary Fielding Smith passed away on September 21, 1852, after a two-month illness. Martha Ann was 11 years old. Writing about this dark time decades later, her deep sorrow had not faded from her memory. She wrote, “Those years were the severe trial of my life. I felt that I did not care to live any longer; my heart seemed crushed. . . . I felt the world was a blank after my mother’s death. Many times I felt the keen want of a loving mother to comfort me in trials I had to pass through.” Hannah Grinnell, an elderly widow who had lived with the family for many years, tried to fill the void left by Mary’s death. But, unfortunately, she passed away about a year later, adding to Martha Ann’s grief.

An orphan at the tender age of 11, Martha Ann would rely on her brother, Joseph F., even

more. He was her protector, confidant, and loyal friend. One day in their one-room school, Martha Ann was called up by the schoolmaster to be disciplined. The schoolmaster pulled out a leather strap to whip her hand. Joseph loudly objected. Consequently, the schoolmaster tried to whip him. But Joseph defended himself and beat up the schoolmaster. As a result, Joseph was expelled from the school. Brigham Young and other Church leaders were concerned about the future of the now 15-year-old boy. In an inspired decision, he was called on a mission. But Martha Ann would now be alone more than ever. She was grateful for the many letters she received from her missionary brother. These letters are full of love, encouragement, and fatherly advice.

Martha Ann grew close to a young man named William Jasper Harris. Their friendship developed into love. In the midst of their budding romance, William was called on a mission to England. Martha Ann would have to endure separation again. On April 21, 1857, as William was meeting with Brigham Young to be set apart for his mission, Martha Ann was helping William's mother, Emily Harris Smoot, prepare his things. President Young asked William if he had someone he thought enough of to marry. William replied that he had. President Young told him to bring her back to the Endowment House so they could be married before he departed. Martha Ann was overwhelmed when William came bolting into the house and told her to get her sunbonnet and come with him because they were getting married. Undoubtedly, this marriage proposal did not happen the way she had imagined it. She turned to Emily and asked what she should do. Emily told her to put on the calico dress and go. Excited, and presumably still stunned, the young couple climbed into the wagon and went to the Endowment House. William was 20 years old and Martha Ann was almost 16. Two days later, William left his young wife in the care of her new mother-in-law, picked up his handcart, and began the long journey to the East and then on to England.

The coming of Johnston's Army to Utah in 1857–58 resulted in the missionaries being called

home. Reunited after more than a year apart, Martha Ann and William were happy to begin married life together. It would not be long, however, before Martha Ann would need to show that "Smith grit" again. In the late spring of 1859, William and Joseph Abbot were plowing a field. Lightning struck the brass bucket Abbot was carrying, killing him. William was knocked unconscious, burned, and dragged by the frightened horses. John Smith, Martha Ann's half-brother, fortunately was passing by and found William. He was able to revive him and, with others, carried him home to Martha Ann. Over the next few months, she nursed William back to health, although he never completely regained his strength and stamina. In the midst of caring for her husband, Martha Ann gave birth to their first child on August 4, 1859. They named him William Jasper Harris Jr.

Martha Ann and William would live in Salt Lake City for another nine years, having four more children during this time. In 1868, they moved to Provo, Utah. Six more children were born in Provo. The mother of 11 children, Martha Ann was never idle. Caring for the needs of such a large family as well as trying to supplement the family income in various ways, such as making gloves and temple clothing, always kept her busy. One year she broke her leg near her knee. She was confined to her bed for six months. The bone would not heal correctly and had to be broken and reset



Harris Family, ca. 1889. Back row L to R: William Jr., Joseph Albert, Mercy, Hyrum, Lucy, Frank and John; Front row: Mary, Artimissa, William Sr., Martha Ann, Sarah and Zina. (see <https://familysearch.org/photos/people/260178>)



Martha Ann Smith Harris

twice. She had to use crutches for 18 months and always had terrible pain in that knee for the rest of her life. When she was 57, she fell and broke her right arm. Her lame arm would cause her intense suffering for several months. But she endured it all with faith and hope.

All 11 of their children, five boys and six girls, grew to adulthood, married, and had children of their own. But Martha Ann would have to bury three of her adult children. Lucy, her sixth child, died during childbirth in 1903. The baby also died. Lucy left two young children when she died. Martha Ann took her two grandchildren into her home and raised them as her own.

Martha Ann's beloved husband, William, died tragically in 1909. He was crossing Center Street in Provo when he was run over by a team of horses and buggy. The driver was recklessly racing another team and was unaware that he had even hit anyone. Martha Ann was again constrained to bury a loved one and then continue onward. In her remaining years, she cherished the time spent with her children, grandchildren, and with her

brother, Joseph F. Martha Ann quietly passed away October 19, 1923, at the age of 82. Her funeral was held in the Provo Tabernacle, which was filled to capacity. Apostles George Albert Smith, her distant cousin, and Joseph Fielding Smith, her nephew, spoke at her funeral. In a letter to her posterity, Martha Ann wrote, "I feel to sincerely thank my Heavenly Father for his mercies to me. Ingratitude is a very great sin. Through privations and hardships, my load has seemed at times more than I could shoulder, but I tried to do my duty. [I] have tried to be a Latter-day Saint. My Father in Heaven knows how hard it has been. He has seen my struggles, [and] has heard and answered my prayers."⁶ If there ever was an example of patience and long suffering, of "Smith grit," it was Martha Ann Smith Harris. ▼

Matt Benware is a descendant of Martha Ann Smith Harris.

1 Letter from Joseph F. Smith to Martha Ann Smith, June 9, 1855; punctuation, capitalization, and spelling standardized; emphasis in original.

2 Letter from Martha Ann Smith Harris to her posterity,
March 22, 1881.

3 Letter from Martha Ann.

4 Letter from Martha Ann.

5 Letter from Martha Ann.

6 Letter from Martha Ann.

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SMITH HARRIS, 1854–1916



The Smiths Crossing the Plains

Mary Fielding Smith and all of the surviving children of Hyrum, except Lovina, came across the plains in the Heber C. Kimball Company of 1848. The clerk of that company was William McMillan Thompson, a 27-year-old single convert from Ireland. William kept a faithful diary of the journey for Kimball. Mary and her stepchildren, Jerusha (age 12) and John (age 15), and Mary's sister-in-law, Anna Fielding, were all obliged to drive wagon teams in spite of their inexperience and youth. William's account records the difficulties they encountered on the very first day of the journey when they left Winter Quarters.

"We left Winter Quarters on Sunday the 4th of June in company with Mary Smith the Widow of the Late Hyrum Smith, the Patriarch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter [day] Saints who was Shot in Carthage Jail Hancock County State of Illinois on the 27th of June 1844, also Joseph Fielding the Brother of Sister Smith. Brother Joel Terry was in our company going to the Valley as a Teamster with Sister Smith she in return Furnishing him waggons and Team to Move the next spring of 1849 to the Valley. Our Teams was weak and the most of them having cows in them and it was with Much difficulty that we could start on account of drivers. We were obliged to have Sister Mary [Fielding] Smith drive a yoke of Cattle that was hitched to her carriage. (and)

for lack of help Jerusha [Jerusha] Smith the Daughter of Mary and Hyrum Smith was compeled to drive a team also. I had a cow tied to the Back of the waggon leading her along so I started the team. After our second stop she run round the waggon wheel and threw her self and the wheel of the waggon with 20 hundred of provisions &c went over the root of her horne. I got her out. She shook her head and walked off (probably referring to Jerusha). Here we could see the hand of our heavenly Father interpose for her Safety. We moved on slowly having to stop our Teams ocasionally to drive the teams that Sister Smith and Sister Fielding and the children were driving down the hills, &c. Anna Fielding the wife of Joseph Fielding was driving a yoke of Cattle with a horse before them coming down a hill. She turned a little out of the road and the oxen pulled the forewheel of the waggon over her fastlock joint. Here we seen the kind hand of a over ruling providence interpose. Brothr fielding Succeeded in getting her up with aperant little injury. We then proceed on our way to [till] we come to the foot of a Steep hill about one mile and a half From Winter Quarters. When some of the Teams was up the hill the Team that John Smith was driving turned off to the one side of the bottom of the hill and broke off the waggon tung [tongue.] we then were compelled to Camp for

the night and get in a new waggon tung about too [two] miles from Winter Quarters."¹

John Smith later recorded his experiences on the last day of the trek when the family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley.

"On the 22nd of September, my 16th birthday, I drove five wagons down the 'Big Mountain,' east of Salt Lake City. It was dark long before I got into camp with the last wagon. On the way one wheel of my wagon ran into a tree about fifteen inches through, and I had to lie on my back and chop the tree down with a dull ax before I could go any further. At about 11 p.m. on the 23rd of September, 1848, we arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley."²

Years later, as a patriarch, John Smith brought a company to Utah as captain of the John Smith Company of 1860. In this company were his sister, Lovina Smith Walker and her family. She was the last of Hyrum's Smith's children to make it to the Valley.

Sir Richard Burton was an English scholar-explorer who visited Utah in 1860 and wrote a book about his travels to the West. In Burton's journal of his trip west, he gives an account of meeting this 1860 John Smith Company:

"We passed on the way a party of emigrants, numbering 359 souls and driving 39 wagons. They were commanded by the patriarch of Mormondom, otherwise Captain

Mary's Lilacs

BY DON LEE

John Smith, the eldest son of Hyrum Smith, a brother of Mr. Joseph Smith the Prophet, and who, being a child at the time of the murderous affair at Carthage, excepted being coiffe'd with the crown of martyrdom. He rose to the patriarchate on the 18th of February, 1855; his predecessor was 'old John Smith'—uncle to Mr. Joseph, and successor to Mr. Hyrum Smith—who died the 23d of May 1854. He was a fair-complexioned man, with light hair. His followers accepted gratefully some provisions with which we could afford to part."³

1 Heber C. Kimball Journal, June–Sep. 1848, in Heber C. Kimball Papers, 1847–1866, written by William Thompson.

2 John Smith Autobiography, Univ. of Calif. (Berkeley) Bancroft Library, Utah and the Mormons Collection.

3 Richard F. Burton, *The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California* (Univ. of Michigan Library, Jan. 1, 1899). ▼

Lilacs grew profusely around Hyrum's home in Kirtland, and Mary, the second wife of Hyrum Smith, loved them. As they were preparing to leave Kirtland, never to return, she carefully dug several young plants, keeping as much soil around them as possible, wrapped them in burlap, and packed them safely into a large crockpot. She took these to her new home in Missouri to remind her of their home in Kirtland.

Their stay in Far West was short and she again wrested the lilacs from the frozen earth, packed them in their crockpot and loaded for the trip to Illinois.

Their next home was in Nauvoo, where Mary carefully planted the lilacs by their home. Late in 1844 she quietly moved a couple of plants near to where Joseph and Hyrum were buried. When she left Nauvoo, she carefully packed away some lilac shoots in their crockpot and then took them with her to Winter Quarters and then on to Salt Lake City. When she had her home built on the farm at Mill Creek, the lilacs again graced her home and reminded her of happier days.

The lilacs remained by the cabin, keeping watch over it for more than 100 years. In 1972 the cabin was moved to the This Is the Place Heritage Park and the lilacs were moved with it.

In 2011, the Joseph Smith Sr. Family Organization received permission to take several shoots from the lilacs and, as part of the family reunion that year, took several of the shoots with them and planted them at the John Johnson

Farm in Hiram, Ohio, just south of Kirtland. The circle was complete and the lilacs were back home again. ▼



To my Sister Sarah Griffin

*Her hand seeketh employment,
her feet delighteth not in gadding abroad.*

*She is clothed in neatness and humility
and meekness are as crowns of glory circling her head.*

*Decency is in all her words
and her answers are mildness and truth.*

*Submission and obedience are lessons of her life
and peace and happiness are her reward.*

Your affectionate brother,

Joseph F. Smith

